

# LIBERATION

THE UNIVERSITY  
OF MICHIGAN

1961

PERIODICAL  
READING ROOM



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## In This Issue:

NORBETT L. MINTZ is Assistant Professor of Psychology at Brandeis. The past year he taught at Harvard. His article in this issue is also appearing in the *Minority of One* (P.O. Box 544, Passaic, N. J.) for July.

HUGH B. HESTER is a retired Brigadier-General of the United States Army who lives in Chapel Hill, North Carolina. He is co-author (with Jerome Davis) of *On The Brink*.

JAMES PECK was brutally assaulted by a mob armed with lead pipes, on May 16th, in Birmingham, Alabama, while leading the first of the current Freedom Rides. The *New York Post* commented: "We need more such starry-eyed men on earth." Peck chronicled some of the unsavory activities of the Trujillo regime in the December 1957 *LIBERATION*.

JAMES P. MOSLEY is a poet and freelance writer from Wilmington, Delaware.

MEL MOST is a journalist who lives in New York.

RUTH BERGES was born in Hamburg and emigrated to New York shortly before World War II. Her short stories have appeared in a number of magazines and she recently published a book on the backgrounds of famous operas.

DAVID ANDREWS is director of the Methodist Student Center at Appalachian State Teachers College, Boone, N. C.

The photographs on the cover were taken at the City Hall Park Civil Defense Protest by LEROY McLUCAS, a young photographer whose work has appeared in *Kulchur*, *Jazz Review*, and other places.

Because of heavy demand, we ran out of copies of the "Cuba Packet," advertised in the May issue, before being able to fill all the orders.

The following material on Cuba is now available from **LIBERATION**:

**AMERICA'S LOST PLANTATION**, Dave Dellinger  
60 pp.; 50c (10-49 copies 35c; 50 or more 30c)

**THE CUBAN "EPISODE" AND THE AMERICAN PRESS**, Norbett L. Mintz  
20 pp.; 15c

**SARTRE ON CUBA**, Jean-Paul Sartre  
160 pp.; 50c (Ballantine, paper)

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## WELCOME

The editors are pleased to announce that Paul Goodman, a frequent contributor to *LIBERATION*, has joined the Editorial Board, as Associate Editor, and that Kay Boyle, Allan Brick, William Davidon, Margaret Halsey, Richard Mayes, and Ann Morrisett have become Contributors.

## CIVIL-DEFENSE PROTEST

This editorial is being written in London, where the undersigned is on a mission in connection with the San Francisco to Moscow Walk for Peace. It actually came very near being written in Moscow, from which I returned only yesterday after a two-day conference with the heads of the Soviet Peace Committee about the Russian part of the Walk, an eight-hundred-mile stretch from Brest via Minsk and Smolensk to Moscow, scheduled for September 13th to November 1st. It may prove to be an important turning point in the history of the peace movement that the Soviet Peace Committee, after hearing an extensive exposition of the project and reading the leaflet, which calls for unilateral disarmament and expresses unqualified opposition to war preparations, especially nuclear, by any nation, expressed belief in the sincerity of the Walkers as well as great admiration for what they had already achieved, and welcomed the Walkers to the Soviet Union on the terms laid down by the Committee for Non-Violent Action, the Team and its European supporters. There is every likelihood that Poland and the German Democratic Republic will follow suit. Thus the question of the reception of the Team in Eastern countries, which had occasioned a lot of speculation and concern, seems to have been resolved.

I suggest that this is a peculiarly appropriate introduction to a comment on recent civil-defense protests in the United States and the perspective for the future. It is appropriate because these various direct-action and civil-disobedience projects are all a part of the program of C.N.V.A., even though civil-defense protests, e.g., have been carried on under separate committees. But the more important reason is that we need to be aware of the international scope of these activities and the urgent neces-

sity of trying to build an international, indeed a global peace movement. There is, of course, a very obvious link between anti-Polaris activity in the United States and in Great Britain. New London and Holy Loch are twin symbols for multitudes of people. The Easter Walks in many countries are felt by participants to be organically if not organizationally related. The San Francisco to Moscow Walk is the first project which is international, trans-Curtain, in a substantial measure. One of the speakers at the great Trafalgar Square rally on June 4th, until recently foreign editor of one of the great London dailies, expressed the sober opinion that the Walk, if it succeeded in achieving its objectives, would be a more important event in international relations than the Kennedy-Khrushchev meeting (which took place in Vienna at the same time as the rally).

The movement based on nonviolence can achieve international influence only to the extent that it is strong within various countries and especially the more powerful ones. From this point of view the extent and character of the protest demonstrations on April 28th against the civil-defense set-up are of immense importance, for they may indicate that a way is open to involve large sections of the ordinary American public in something like mass action against one key aspect of military preparations. Fairly complete statistics about the number of participants in City Hall Park in New York and dozens of other places throughout the country have been published elsewhere and need not be repeated here. The number of arrests was much larger than on any previous occasion of this sort. Of great importance also were the demonstrations at universities, colleges and high schools, carried out mainly by students but in some cases (as at Columbia) with notable faculty support.

One of the most difficult strategic problems for the peace movement is that in spite of what has been said about what nuclear war would mean—and not nearly enough has been said in this respect—war is still something remote for the average American. It is something that may happen the day after tomorrow; it is not happening now. This gap was tempo-

rarily closed for many people a few years ago when there was a sudden spate of information about fallout. Mothers began to fear that their own babies were at that very moment contracting bone cancer. For various reasons this issue is not as alive today.

Civil defense is a matter which in the public and private schools throughout the year, in the constant pressure to build shelters, and at least once a year in the drill to which the whole nation is called, impinges on the consciousness of individual citizens. It makes war seem real and near. It also vividly suggests the absurdity of preparations for nuclear war. Hence the increasing public response to calls to protest.

At the same time the nuclear strategists hammer away more insistently all the time at the key role civil defense plays in the build-up of the "deterrent," which enables our representatives to be tough as they "negotiate from strength" with a people behind them supposedly willing to accept colossal casualties provided there is assurance that a few will survive.

Clearly, therefore, the peace movement must now look at civil-defense protest in a new perspective. The protest has spread beyond New York and the Eastern seaboard. It cannot be carried through adequately by the *ad hoc* Protest Committee, which has done such a good job in New York and stimulated a lot of action elsewhere. We suggest that one of the first items on the fall agenda of all pacifist and peace forces should be a conference to organize civil-defense protest on a national basis, but with heavy emphasis on local initiative and activity, for this a cause about which every local community, every school, every parent and citizen can do something.

A.J.M.

## ROY FINCH'S RESIGNATION

I am just as opposed to death by malnutrition as I am to death by bullet. I am equally appalled by what happens to the victims of fallout as a result of nuclear bomb-testing and by what happens to the minds and bodies of Latin American agricultural workers under the economic domination of United States corporations. If the United States (or any other government) decreed that even one per cent of the children of Latin

America would be shot through the head, the pacifist movement would respond with a tremendous campaign of nonviolent opposition, as would most decent Americans. But I see little active pacifist compassion for the children of Latin America, *forty-four* per cent of whom are doomed to die before the age of five, largely because of conditions created by the economic exploitation of Latin America by an alliance of North American corporations, North American banks, and the kind of native Quislings who were dispossessed by the Cuban Revolution and are now allied with the United States government in an attempt to overthrow it in order that the property "appropriated by Castro . . . should be returned to its original owners." (Varona)

I don't want ever to forget the three hundred thousand families of Caracas who are living in miserable tin huts within eyesight of the fabulous luxury of their American and Venezuelan masters, but I don't feel that I am betraying them by taking part in Peace Walks for Unilateral Disarmament, even at times, in association with fellow-pacifists who draw income from investments in Latin America. Recently I walked shoulder to shoulder with a man who informed me that he is a member of the National Association of Manufacturers. If a Marxist, an anarchist, or an embittered worker concludes from this that I support the economic philosophy of the N.A.M., I can only point out the importance of the campaign against militarism and add that I am continually working in pacifist circles for greater awareness of the extent and destructiveness of economic violence.

In much the same spirit I have been defending the Cuban Revolution against what I consider to be an unprincipled and selfishly motivated campaign of lies and distortions by the American press and government. This has caused dismay amongst some of the finest and most principled people I know, including Roy Finch, who feel that I have unwittingly grown soft on Communism, compromised nonviolence, and become an uncritical supporter of *Fidelismo* (a phenomenon which they believe is factually different than I believe it to be). I can only point out the overwhelming importance of the struggle against economic colonialism, emphasize that the value-judgments of relatively prosperous North American in-

tellectuals are different than (and not necessarily superior to) those of Latin American peasants and workers, and add that both in Cuba and in this country I speak out against the dangers of centralized bureaucratic control, against overreliance on a charismatic leader, against executions, and against Communist totalitarianism.

It is characteristic of Roy Finch that he has avoided the "rhinoceros spirit" of personal intolerance and, in his statement of resignation, has made an intelligent and sensitive presentation of the dangers that he sees in present developments, as he understands them, within the Castro régime. For this and other reasons I very much regret that he has felt it necessary to leave the Editorial Board of *LIBERATION*. I was appalled by the statements of the Cuban Libertarians but I feel that Roy himself has a most useful contribution to make to the debate over Cuba, as well as to a wide range of other subjects. I feel it hard not to believe that there were other reasons, including his involvement in other important intellectual projects, which contributed to his feeling that this was the time for him to leave.

I join Roy in rejecting "dictatorship in any form," and in opposition to both the Soviet and the American power blocs. But I found Revolutionary Cuba to be both more independent and more decentralized than Roy believes it to be, and I feel that it is more important to fight (for example), as a friend of the Revolution, for the continued right of people to speak and vote in their cooperatives and other places of work than to call for the overthrow of Castro because he has not staged centralized elections, on the North American (and Batista) pattern, particularly in view of the devastating campaign of economic boycott, sabotage, and military invasion which began a few short weeks after Batista's collapse. Certainly the North American shark is as much of a threat to Cuba as George III was to the early Colonies, but it was fourteen years from the Battle of Lexington-Concord to the election of George Washington as President. *LIBERATION* has always pointed out the farcical and deceptive character of the periodic elections held in this country and I find it hard utterly to condemn the Cuban Revolution for failing to emulate them. Nor can I have the

faith which Roy apparently has and attributes to me "that America should attempt to help Cuba to needed social change and genuine democracy through diplomatic relations. . . ." The America that is inevitably dominant in even its most enlightened diplomatic relations is not apt to help any country, least of all Cuba, "to needed social change and genuine democracy."

The original statement on which *LIBERATION* was founded asserted: "This failure of a new radicalism to emerge is an indication . . . that the stock of fundamental ideas on which the radical thinking of recent times has been predicated is badly in need of thorough reappraisal. . . . Old labels—principally in the Marxist and liberal traditions—simply do not apply any more." I feel that Roy, unfortunately, has tended to measure the Cuban Revolution not sufficiently in terms of the new radicalism toward which we are all groping but too much in terms of the old labels—in his case not the labels of Marxism but the labels of liberalism.

I have stated my disagreement with certain aspects of the Cuban Revolution and with certain "revolutionary" concepts which I, unlike Roy, do not consider to be presently characteristic of the Revolution but which a minority of its "friends" and supporters would like to see superimposed on it. But in the main my reaction is that all of us, including both Roy and myself, are unwitting victims of the paternalism we condemn and have failed to realize the extent to which, in many areas, the Cubans have displayed a daring, imagination, and a humanistic "new radicalism" that is beyond the present experience of any of us. I hope that neither the Communists nor the "Free World" capitalists will be able to suppress the Cubans' efforts to develop their own indigenous "free communism," and that those who think either as Roy does or as I do will be alert to the danger of helping either the capitalists or the Communists to force the Cuban Revolution into previous stereotypes.



# The Cuban "Episode" and the American Press: April 9-23, 1961

Norbett L. Mintz



The Cuban episode raised . . . the problem of information. Government operations of the Cuban type are more difficult to conduct in an open society with a free and energetic press.

(The New York Sunday Times  
"News of the Week in Review," April 23.)

April 26, 1961

I WISH to address myself to just how "free and energetic" our press actually is, especially when considering the events of the Cuban "episode" and the newspapers' handling of it. I will concentrate primarily on the New York Times.

The first thing that we must note is that in the *Times*' statement there is complete lack of one requisite of a "free and energetic" press, namely the *critical* function. While recognizing that "this Cuban kind of operation is more difficult to conduct in an open society," there was no question raised as to the operation itself. The concern was one of the questioning of means, rather than of ends. As the *Times* pointed out in the same section, "In the U. S. itself, the immediate reaction was a closing . . . of ranks." The press followed suit, as I show below.

## Press Response to Kennedy's A.S.N.E. Speech

The President's American Society of Newspaper Editors speech on Thursday (April 20) started with a sentence containing the phrase, "an obligation to present the facts, to present them with candor and to present them in perspective," and ended with the sentence con-

taining the phrase, "let me then make it clear. . ." Interpersed throughout were further references to "clarity." This became the byword of press reactions. In a strange Alice-in-Wonderland world, the President said that he was being frank and clear, and the press echoed that indeed he was frank and clear. James Reston, writing in the *Times* on Friday (April 21), agreed that Kennedy acted "quickly and clearly." The lead editorial of the same day agreed that "the language used by President Kennedy was strong and clear. . . Mr. Kennedy minced no words." Further, the *Times* applauded the "policies" they presumed to find therein. By Sunday (April 23) Reston still had no doubts of the "clarity" of the message, but he had narrowed it down in focus:

But if Castro tries to use his military power against any other state in the Caribbean or the hemisphere, then the issue will be clear. At that point, the United States can wipe him out, with the requisite sanction of the law on its side.

The lead editorial of the *Times* for April 23rd had already begun to lose sight of "clarity" and "policy." It stated: "To say this [the Monroe-Kennedy doctrine] is not to answer the question of what to do next." And further, "It is more important . . . to lay down a positive policy. . . ." Apparently Kennedy's Thursday speech had lost vigor by Sunday. Indeed, by Sunday there were several interpretations of Kennedy's "clear message" to be found in the *Times*. Reston cogently argued that "the mere presence of military force in a weak country is not necessarily a threat to a strong country." He concluded: "It all depends on how President Kennedy

looks at all this." Apparently it was not "clear" from his April 20th speech how Kennedy does look at all this! The *Times*' lead editorial, also drawing on the A.S.N.E. speech, concluded that Kennedy was for non-intervention in the absence of direct attack. It said: "We cannot tell the Cubans what kind of government they should support. We cannot intervene, even though they should decide to call that form of government Communist."

But Szulc, in the *Times* of the same day, moved in another direction. He was uncertain as to whether or not direct intervention was implied in Kennedy's "clear" speech, not really seeing any understandable statement as to Kennedy's intentions, and offering one which could lead at any time to intervention—namely the "major provocation" by the "murder of U. S. citizens." Since U. S. citizens had been executed long before the invasion, and since these executions have been branded "murder" by the press as well as by various United States officials, Szulc really implied that Kennedy's speech leaves open the possibility of intervention at any time.

Glancing further in the Sunday *Times*, to "Opinion of the Week," one found a similar point of view excerpted from the *Pittsburgh Press*:

The President's . . . candid speech was primarily a warning. . . . The United States doesn't want to intervene—but, it doesn't intend to sit idly by, and shouldn't, while the Soviets establish a base in Cuba for subversion and domination of Latin America. The President will find full support in the United States for the position he outlines.

An excerpt from the Los Angeles *Mirror* indicated that this interpretation had at least some support, if not the "full support" claimed by the *Pittsburgh Press*:

The President committed this nation to save Cuba from Communism no matter where such determination takes us. . . . It gave room for Castro to reverse his policies. He probably won't. So we are committed to removing him. There is no other way we can go.

Of course it is not unusual for there to be varying newspaper interpretations of a speech. But it is unusual when a critical and serious speech, self-labelled and then hailed uniformly by reasonably intelligent men as being "clear, candid, and policy-making," results in radically different, and often opposed, interpretations. Had Kennedy really been clear and candid, this could not possibly have happened. The fact of the matter is that his speech was neither clear nor candid. It was almost cynically rhetorical and seemed deliberately ambiguous and evasive. Further, it was so erroneous in parts that it flagrantly insulted the more informed readers' intelligence.

First its "clarity." A crucial paragraph in the Kennedy speech, where he dealt with what was on everyone's mind—will the United States intervene directly?—was a marvel of ambiguity:

We made it repeatedly *clear* that the armed forces of this country would not intervene in any way. Any unilateral American intervention in the absence of an external attack upon ourselves or an ally *would have been* contrary to our traditions and to our international obligations (italics mine).

The use of "*would have been* contrary" without the addition of "*and would be* contrary" was ambiguous to say the least, and frightening when one thought the worst. The ambiguity, as well as fright, was increased when the sentence immediately following was read: "But let the record show that our restraint is not inexhaustible." If the United States is bound by tradition and obligation not to intervene "in the absence of direct attack," then in such an *absence* the restraint *should be* inexhaustible. What exactly was made "repeatedly clear" about the United States position on intervention? It is noteworthy that the answer was not obvious in Kennedy's remarkable exercise of clarity.

And what about candor?

According to Kennedy, the recent Cuban invasion "was a struggle of Cuban patriots against a Cuban dictator" in a "contest for freedom." References were made to a "small band" who were being "rolled over" by "Communist tanks." In spite of the setback, the "revolutionary leaders" will continue to "speak out for a free and independent Cuba."

The press echoed the President. In the *Times* of April 21st, the editorial lauded these "fighters for liberty" with a poem by James Russell Lowell. On the twenty-third it urged that the United States "should continue to support the anti-Batista, anti-Castro exiles who are struggling to restore liberty and freedom . . . in the context of social reform." In a news story of the same day the *Times* lauded the Kennedy administration for its continued attempts to weed out of the exile forces "anyone who had been identified with Batista."

First, let us turn to the leaders who are to restore liberty in the context of social reform, starting with the Cuban *military* leadership. While the *Times* did not report on the commanders until more than a week after the invasion, the Boston *Globe* reported the following story on April 17, the day of the invasion:

The troop commanders [are] Villa Fa, ex-Batista major; . . . San Roman, former Batista captain; . . . Alex del Valle, ex-Batista lieutenant; . . . and D. Darias.

A week later the major papers and magazines wrote that the over-all commander was Manuel Artime, who was described by I. F. Stone (April 24) and by *Time* (April 28) as the C.I.A.'s "golden boy." Artime appeared from all reports to have been an opportunist who allied himself with Varona's *Frente* in opposition to the more liberal M.R.P. Perhaps there were liberal exiles who suffered death in the landing force, but the



leaders, those most likely to achieve power had it proved successful, hardly matched the Democratic-Reformist picture Kennedy and the press tried to paint in the first few days after the landing.

While the recently released information on Arttime may not have been available until a week after the landing, it is altogether unlikely that on the day of the invasion the influence of the "ex"-Batista military was unknown to all save the *Boston Globe*. Indeed, the *Baltimore Sun* of March 5th, the *Saturday Evening Post* of April 8th, and *Time* as far back as January 27th carried stories on the exile movements which are essentially the same as the recently released stories. Therefore, the gloss given the invasion forces the first few days after the invasion was a deliberate misrepresentation on the part of the President and the "free and energetic press."

Turning to the political leadership, it is noteworthy that Kennedy, in his A.S.N.E. speech, mentioned Cardona by name, but discreetly left out Varona, leader of *Frente*. The press followed suit; reports lauded Cardona and soft-pedalled Varona. Again, there was deception involved. Cardona appears to be a coordinator, a mediator, whose main function has been to hold together various factions in the exile camp. Being a "middle-of-the-roader," he is a more palatable figure to present to the public than Varona, the real power (after, of course, the C.I.A., whose initials could stand for Cuban Invasion Authority). All the early reports on the exile groups before April 9th (e.g. *Time*, January 27), and all the later reports appearing after April 26th, clearly pointed to Varona and his *Frente* as the group picked by the C.I.A. But between those two dates, Varona was not easy to find in the news reports.

The reason was fairly obvious. During this "invasion period" the keynote, sounded by the President and mimicked by the press, was the struggle for freedom in the context of social reform. But what does the "revolutionary" Varona stand for? As described in *Time* of January 27th, the *Baltimore Sun* of March 5th, and other early reports, Varona and *Frente* would restore the banks, utilities, industries, and land back to private ownership. As quoted in the more recent report of *Time* (April 28), Varona said: "The need for agrarian reform in Cuba is a myth. The land appropriated by Castro . . . should be returned to its original owners." This was the man whose group the C.I.A. backed in the recent invasion, an invasion which was passed off by the President and press as an invasion to restore the revolution that Castro "betrayed." Both the President and press were fully aware, during the period when they reported with "candor" to the American people, who was being sponsored and why.

## The Hungarian Analogy

Kennedy's speech cloaked the C.I.A.-sponsored invasion in the mantle of the Hungarian Freedom Fighters. Here, however, the press had already anticipated him. In the *Times* of April 9th, the "News of the Week in Review" presented a story on the exiles, in which the following appeared:

Should the exiles' optimism prove unfounded . . . the U.S. would face the problem of whether to intervene openly or to abandon the anti-Castro forces. Abandoning them to the fate of the 1956 Hungarian revolutionaries would be a grave blow to the U.S.

After the invasion fiasco, both Kennedy and the press applied the Hungarian analogy to an explanation of the failure. Kennedy in his A.S.N.E. speech alluded to more than one "small band" that the "Communist tanks have rolled over." He continued to excuse the invasion failure with: "The advantages of a police state, its use of mass terror and arrest to prevent the spread of free dissent, cannot be overlooked by those who expect the fall of every fanatic tyrant."

With Kennedy having made the analogy to the Soviet suppression of the Hungarian rebellion as excusing the Cuban defeat, the press was eager to follow suit. Szulc, in the *Times* of April 23rd, wrote:

That there were no internal uprisings . . . does not necessarily mean . . . that the Castro regime actually commands the loyalty . . . of the majority. . . . What it does seem to mean is that the planners . . . underestimated the power of a police state. . . . Perhaps mindful of . . . Budapest, . . . Cubans who wished to rise against . . . Castro . . . chose not to risk their lives.

Frankel, in the *Times* of the same day, reported that anti-Castro Cubans feel that Castro cannot be overthrown without outside help. He too resorted to the Hungarian analogy, although somewhat ambiguously, implying that since the Soviets intervened in Hungary, the United States should aid the anti-Castro forces in Cuba.

The analogy has been stretched to cover considerable ground. It was thus used to show that Castro acted like the Soviets. But the fact is that the analogy to Hungary is inappropriate on several counts. The invasion forces, from all later reports, was hardly a "small band"—and this certainly was known by the President and probably also by the press. The "small band of men" that Kennedy mentioned on April 20th was previously reported in the press (on C.I.A. urging?) as five thousand (April 17-20). On the 21st, after the attempt obviously had failed (and Kennedy keynoted the "small band"), the press figures dropped to two hundred. It had then become a "supply drop" rather than an invasion attempt. Such a band of two hundred hardly could have sustained a three-day pitched battle nor have required Castro's tanks and aircraft. The more recent figure, reported after April 23rd, has been put as fifteen hundred,

at least. It seems unlikely that this was not known to the press. But if not, it should have been deduced by reason.

A landing force of fifteen hundred well-equipped men could have withstood Castro's counter-attack if the population and armed forces had turned against him. That this did not happen can hardly be attributed (as it was by Kennedy and the press) to the disadvantages of a police state. The C.I.A. gambled and lost in just the same way as the French-Algerian rebels recently did. The armed forces were loyal in both cases, and whether Cuba is a police state or not does not seem relevant to the fate of these attempts in the absence of popular support. It is a disgusting rationalization to accuse the Cuban population (as Szulc did) of fearing to risk their lives because they remembered the fate of the Hungarians. Cubans risked their lives against Batista's police state. To excuse the failure of the invasion on the basis of internal repression (as Kennedy did) is inaccurate, not to say irresponsible.

This irresponsibility is the only similarity I can find to the Hungarian situation. In both cases our government encouraged people to act out the wishes of the United States, and in both there was no responsibility taken for their fate if their actions failed. When the Hungarians rebelled, they were encouraged to expect help from the United States. Ambiguous radio messages alluding to United States support were transmitted. The support, of course, turned out to be moral. This was irresponsible and cynical.

The irresponsibility in the Cuban affair appears in the encouragement the C.I.A. gave (perhaps manufactured?) concerning the uprisings that would occur. From recent post-mortem reports, it appears that the C.I.A. was more eager to invade than were the exile leaders. Even before the invasion one found evidence of this. In the *Times* of April 9th, Brewer reported Cardona as saying: "The revolt must come and would come from within the country." And Szulc, in the same issue, reported that while any invasion plan assumes that the Castro government will "collapse from the onslaught, the more realistic among the exiled leaders . . . accept the possibility that a bloody and perhaps long civil war will be the first phase." In addition, it appears that on numerous occasions the United States considered and may have promised open support. From a statement in *Time* (April 28) it would seem (if the statement is true) that things were left ambiguous. *Time* reports a radio message from the beachhead as saying: "Do not see any friendly air cover as you promised."

The analogy to the Hungarian situation that the President and press have proposed would hold only if 1) the Cuban population and armed forces supported the

C.I.A. invasion and were then crushed by military support from the Soviets aiding Castro, or if 2) the Cuban population and armed forces did not defect and the United States supported the invaders in crushing the loyal support given Castro. The first alternative was remote, the second uncomfortably close.

### Aid Given the Invaders

In this sphere, the lack of candor on the part of the administration, the press, and the "revolutionary" leaders has been most obvious. The *Sunday Times* of April 9th ran a front page, lead story on Cardona, written by Sam Brewer. The headline was: "Castro Foes Call Cubans to Arms; Predict Uprising; U.S. Aid Is Denied." The story covered various aspects of exile activity, particularly dealing with the predicted uprising. The parts dealing with the question of United States aid follow:

Cardona vigorously denied reports that his group had been backed by the U.S. C.I.A. He said it was formed "exclusively by Cubans . . . without interference by any organization outside Cuba." Asked whether he had ever talked with the C.I.A. he said: "Definitely no."

In the *Times* "News of the Week" section, also April 9th, this was reiterated:

Cardona has denied Havana's charges that the exile movement is financed by Washington. He claims that his movement, like Castro's in the Batista days, is supported solely by exiled Cubans and other private persons.

A week after the invasion had taken place, there were no shortages of news reports detailing the aid that had been given to the exiles. Szulc, writing in the *Sunday Times* of April 23rd, stated that the C.I.A. "supported and coordinated the first ill-fated attempt" to overthrow Castro. The *Times* "News of the Week in Review" of the same date stated:

Last Spring the *Frente* began recruiting volunteers . . . for military training. Its activities were directly supervised by the C.I.A. . . . The exiles were trained by U.S. military specialists and armed with U.S. ground, sea, and air weapons.

The *Times* perhaps became remarkably well-informed between April 9th (a week before the invasion) and April 23rd (a week after). But it strains credibility to accept such a conclusion. Szulc, writing in the *Sunday Times* of April 9th, stated that an invasion army was "now in the final stages of training in Central America and Louisiana." He did not take a stand at that time as to whether or not this was proof of United States aid. And William Shannon, in the *New York Post* of April 9th, wrote:

Back in 1959, the Eisenhower Administration decided to apply to Cuba the "Guatemala solution." That is, the National Security Council gave the C.I.A. director . . . the go-ahead to organize the Cuban exiles, train a military force, and plan an invasion of Cuba.

Even greater specificity on aid to exiles was given by a story in *Time*, as far back as January 27th: "The *Frente*



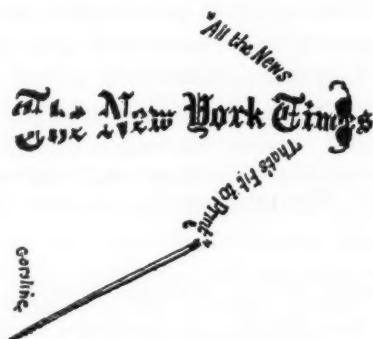
apparently gets all the U.S. financial aid (estimated to range from \$135,000 monthly to as high as \$500,000)."

It is unlikely that these stories were merely rumors or fabrications, particularly in view of the following quote from the *Sunday Times Magazine* Section of April 23rd:

Reports of organized training of exiles began a year ago. In recent months the press has been allowed to visit clandestine centers like this one in Florida and in Latin America (italics mine).

Thus, it is obvious that the press had sufficient information to realize the fabrication involved in the Administration or exile statements which claimed that there was no United States aid being given the exiles. One might accept certain excuses for the press's withholding information on United States aid, such as when visits are permitted and information given only on pledges of secrecy. But what case can be made out for presenting "news" that is known to be deliberate falsehood?

The lead story in the *Sunday Times* of April 9th on Cardona's denial of United States aid was one such



deliberate misrepresentation. To be sure, it was Cardona's misrepresentation. Yet the *Times* had a choice of whether or not to print the interviews. Their motto is "All the News that's Fit to Print," not "Anything that's News." But instead of withholding an obvious fabrication, the *Times* printed it as the lead story of their Sunday issue. The line between withholding information that was given in confidence and disseminating information known to be false, is the line between responsible journalism on the one hand and propaganda on the other. And to feature propaganda of this kind is more indicative of being a government organ than of being part of a "free and energetic press."

#### Press Reaction to the White Paper

The White Paper on Cuba, purportedly written by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and modeled in part after Theodore Draper's article in *Encounter*, valiantly tried to absolve the United States of responsibility for Castro's policies. Castro emerged as a crafty long-term planner

who willfully moved toward Communist alliance with no provocation from the United States. In the White Paper it was pointed out that Castro was received in the United States in 1959, but it was not pointed out that Castro was received *unofficially*, in a hotel room, by Secretary Herter. Nor was it pointed out that this was done shortly after the red carpet had been rolled out for a South American dictator who received a medal of honor from the United States. While it was noted that United States officials offered to discuss Castro's economic problems, it was not noted that he came seeking *immediate* assistance and was not given any.

The press was eager to echo this distorted view of Castro's "willful" choice. The following appeared in the *Sunday Times* of April 9th:

The reaction to the United States call on the Castro regime to break its ties with the Communist countries dispels any illusions . . . that some way or somehow relations with the United States could be resumed. It has been made clear by Premier Castro and his officials that the Cuban Revolutionary Government will continue to look to the Communist countries for economic and political aid.

If no concrete offer of aid was made concurrently with the "call" for reforms, what real choice was given to Castro? Again, in the *Sunday Times* of April 23rd, this "lily-white hands" attitude was re-echoed: "The U.S., which, after repeated rebuffs in its efforts to come to terms with the Castro régime, cut off imports of Cuban sugar last summer . . ." ("News of the Week in Review").

To be sure, it is not easy to untangle the complex series of events that led to present United States and Cuban policy, but I am convinced that a large burden of guilt will be shown to have been borne by United States policy and action. There would not have been "repeated rebuffs" in the absence of United States provocation. In this regard, and to keep the later record from confusion, we need only turn to an article on Laos by J. Nevard in the *Sunday Times* of April 23rd. Writing from Vientiane, Nevard asserted:

This week . . . Souvanna Phouma cancelled the trip to Washington that he had sought earlier. The United States, chilly toward the neutralist Prince when he was Premier last autumn, had come to accept him as the best hope of setting up a compromise cabinet. . . . Now, however, as a result of the Prince having tossed away this once-desired chance to discuss the situation with President Kennedy and Secretary of State Rusk, the view is widely held that the Soviet officials he saw in Moscow may have convinced him all he need do is sit tight.

Indeed, it would seem that Phouma, like Castro, deliberately "tossed away" the opportunity to establish his country as a neutral power, and likewise, may soon deliberately choose to ally himself with the Soviet Union. But two days before, a news story about Secretary Rusk in the *Times* of April 21st had said:

The Secretary of State returned to his native Georgia for a one-day round of appearances. . . . The Secretary of State received an honorary Doctor of Laws degree at Emory University in Atlanta. He was cited for his "contribution to peace and freedom in this disordered world. . . ." About Laos, Mr. Rusk said the United States could not let matters drift. He said the Kennedy Administration still hoped the Laotian situation could be settled by an early cease-fire. Mr. Rusk missed a Cabinet meeting to come here during the crises in Cuba and Laos. *He also had to call off a meeting with Prince Souvanna Phouma because of the trip.* He said their schedules "just didn't fit." The Prince *subsequently* cancelled his trip to the United States (italics mine).

If Phouma succeeds in regaining his position in Laos, and his country, through some series of events, drifts towards closer alliance with the Soviet Union, the Administration will point out (and the press will eagerly follow suit) that he had planned it all along, since he did not come to Washington when the opportunity was offered. But let us remember that, earlier in the crisis, when Phouma wished to come, Rusk's "schedule just didn't fit" because that day he had to go to Georgia to receive a citation for his contribution to peace and freedom. (United States administrations change, but Georgia continues to be the likely place to find government officials during times of crisis.)

And finally, when serious trouble breaks out in Panama, and the press tells us it was "without provocation from the U.S.," let us recall the following paragraph from the Sunday Times of April 23rd:

The Army has made plans to establish in the Panama Canal Zone a school for personnel of Latin American armies. Classes will be conducted in guerilla and anti-guerilla warfare, intelligence and counter-intelligence psychological operations.

From just this brief review of coverage of the Cuban episode, one finds ample justification for responding in cynical fashion when the term "free" is applied to press activity between April 9th and 23rd. The press not only failed to live up to its full obligations during this period, but also moved a considerable way in the direction of becoming a propaganda agency rather than a free and independent institution. There was a drastic reduction of its critical function, a disgraceful mimicry of the "official line," and a discouraging lack of response to the threat of a curtailed press which Kennedy adumbrated in his Washington speech to the editors.

In this *initial* speech to newsmen (April 20), Kennedy said:

We dare not fail to see the insidious nature of this new and deeper struggle . . . to grasp the new concepts, the new tools, the new sense of urgency. . . . The soft societies are about to be swept away. . . . We intend to re-examine and re-orient our forces of all kinds; our tactics and our *institutions here in this community.* (italics mine)

The reference to community is ambiguous, but he was addressing the Washington convention of editors, so one institution represented in "this community" was that of the press. This was overlooked completely the next day (April 21) both in the Times' editorial and in Reston's commentary on the speech. On Sunday, April 23rd, the closest the Times came to a recognition of the danger was in three brief sentences, two quoted at the beginning of this article. The third was: "The U. S. faces not only the immediate problem of Cuba, but the broader problem of conducting cold-war operations in a democracy." ("Review of the Week," April 23). Since April 20th, when the press hailed Kennedy's "clear" message, they have done little to allay our fears that it will be democracy that will suffer. Certainly one is hardly reassured by the delayed, mild, and uncertain response to Kennedy's more blatant demand for "self-censorship" in the "national interest" which he made in his later speech, the one to the New York Press Week meetings (April 27).

Of course, one cannot overlook the fact that there were enormous pressures brought to bear on editors and newsmen. In this regard, it is relevant to quote a passage from Newsweek, which commented upon distortions in the news during the period:

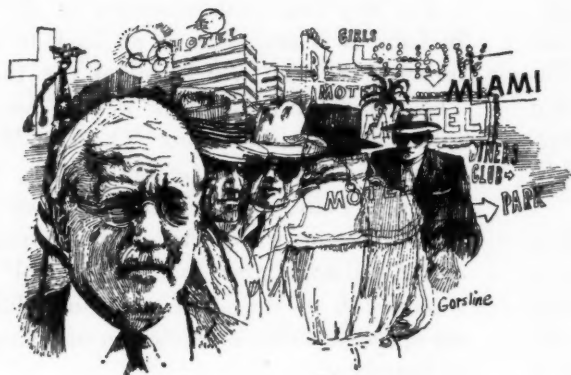
Newsmen, like many others, became pawns in the intensifying conflict between Washington and Havana. "Many of us have gone off the deep end," said one newsman, "but I can't help thinking that at some point we were pushed."

Yet regardless of the pressures brought to bear, the press could have discharged its duties to the public in a more commendable fashion. For if under these relatively mild conditions the press is quick to "close ranks," then what is to be expected of it when pressure to "close ranks" is brought to bear on more serious issues, e.g. if a naval blockade of Cuba is launched?

But while the press did not discharge itself honorably, one cannot deny that in some regard it is "free." Were it totally controlled, it would have been impossible to piece together enough information for even the limited synthesis that was presented here, though on the negative side one must emphasize the great length of time required to do so. But the more crucial question (until such time as the press is controlled externally to a greater degree than it is now) is whether or not it has exercised its degree of freedom from external control to the greatest possible extent. Here the answer must clearly be that it has not. And if the press is not quick to exercise the degree of freedom it still is allowed, it then will become an academic question as to whether or not the press is being brought under government control.



# A Policy of Propaganda and Subversion



Hugh B. Hester

IN HIS FAREWELL MESSAGE, on January 17th of this year, President Eisenhower warned that "only an alert and knowledgeable citizenry can compel the proper meshing of the huge industrial and military machinery . . . so that security and liberty may prosper together." Earlier Professor Harrison Brown, of the California Institute of Technology, and James Real, a business consultant, in a pamphlet: "The Community of Fear," published by the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, Santa Barbara, California, had expressed the fear that "The military elite [was] clearly in a position to assume actual political command over the U.S. striking forces if there [were] serious signs of 'weakness' in U.S. foreign relations."

Two months after the President's farewell address the *Congressional Quarterly* reports that Washington has all but forgotten his parting shot at "unwarranted influence" by a "military-industrial complex." (New York Times, March 25, 1961). The *Quarterly* reported widespread opposition by Congress to the new Administration's proposed elimination of useless military posts and the cutback in military projects no longer considered in the national interest. It suggested, although it did not charge, that the forty-odd-billion-dollar military program may have become infected with the familiar pork-barrel virus. The usual combination of vested interests—the Armed Services, industrialists, labor leaders and some others—are apparently busy increasing the so-called defense projects in their special interest even when they are not in the national interest.

All of these warnings of danger ahead are solidly based, but unfortunately none offers a solution. President Eisenhower must have known that a knowledgeable citizenry was impossible in the present Cold War climate. It was his Administration, in fact, that record-

ed the greatest advances in government through secrecy and clandestine activity. The *Congressional Record's* reports of hearings often makes little sense because of the omissions for "security purposes." The President apparently knows very little, and the Congress almost nothing at all, about the clandestine activities of the Central Intelligence Agency. The U-2 incident is an excellent example of this.

It is important for the American people to recognize that the first casualty of war, hot or cold, is truth. It is simply not permissible to tell the truth about an opponent unless it is bad. The mass "information" media become largely instruments of official policies. They operate primarily on government handouts. There are, of course, a few exceptions, but these are mostly small independent weeklies and monthlies, covering not more than a very small fraction of the reading public. And in really troublesome areas, like China and Cuba, government control of travel permits makes control of information extremely effective.

The State Department's document denouncing the Castro régime in Cuba, issued on April 3rd, 1961, is a perfect example of governmental control of the sources of information. Since only people approved by the government can go to Cuba, there is little opportunity to check the accuracy of government documents or handouts. There is good reason to suspect that this was one of the reasons for the break in diplomatic relations with Cuba. Certainly when I was there, last December and January, the Cuban Revolution had not been betrayed, as is alleged in this document, nor was Cuba a Communist satellite.

If the United States government trusts its people, why does it restrict travel? This is an open invitation to government by propaganda and secret activities,

often Mafia-like, by the C.I.A. and other agencies with a vested interest in war. How many of your readers suspect that the late John Foster Dulles and his brother, Allen, along with the United States Ambassador to Iran, Loy Henderson and General Schwartzkopf, planned and executed the coup that deposed Mohammed Mossadegh, Prime Minister of Iran, in 1953? Yet Richard and Gladys Hartness, in the *Saturday Evening Post* for November 6th, 1954, give a chapter and verse description of this event, including its cost to the American taxpayer: nineteen million dollars. Far from denying this, the C.I.A. is reportedly very proud of its part.

Charles Edmunson, a former Foreign Service officer, describes the C.I.A.'s overthrow of the Guatemalan government, in 1954, as follows: "Although there were no Communists in the Cabinet of President Jacobo Arbenz Guzman, his government had been charged with Communist sympathies. Allen Dulles warned the United States National Security Council that action was urgent. Two Globemasters loaded with arms were flown to Honduras and Nicaragua. Within a week an exiled Guatemalan officer was leading an armed force across the border from Honduras and the Arbenz government was doomed." (*The Progressive*, February 1959).

In "The Story Behind Quemoy: How We Drifted Close to War," Stewart Alsop tells, in the *Saturday Evening Post*, of the part played by the C.I.A. in almost starting war with Communist China, in 1954 and again in 1958. He reveals how, beginning early in 1950, the C.I.A. supported and masterminded "Commando-type guerilla raids on the [Chinese] mainland, which were mounted in battalion strength." (*The Progressive*, February 1959).

The nation's press carried screaming headlines, on February 22nd of this year, about demonstrations in Rangoon against the United States Embassy. The specific reason for these demonstrations was reportedly the discovery by the Burmese government of a large cache of American weapons belonging to some Nationalist Chinese guerillas, along the Chinese-Burmese border. But the background story for the Burmese concern was not mentioned by the press.

The story starts at the end of 1949 when Chiang Kai-shek was kicked out of China and left large guerilla forces in Burma along the Chinese border. It is reported that the C.I.A. organized the supply of these forces through air drops for a protracted period after 1949 while they were engaged in forays against China. The situation became so dangerous to Chinese-Burmese relations that U Nu, Prime Minister of Burma, took the case to the United Nations. As a result, some of these guerillas were airlifted to Formosa by the United States, but several thousand remained. It was the discovery of American weapons of recent manufacture in the hands

of these Nationalist troops that caused the Burmese to demonstrate against the United States. They feared that the United States was continuing to supply these forces and that this would again endanger Chinese-Burmese relations.

For any real understanding of the tragic situation in Laos, it is necessary to go back to the Geneva Conference, in 1954, which ended the Indo-Chinese War. The principal negotiators were Eden, Molotov, Chou En-lai and Mendès-France. The late Mr. Dulles refused to negotiate but left General Smith, then Under Secretary of State, as an observer. Under the treaty agreement Vietnam was partitioned and neutrality for Laos and Cambodia provided. A Control Commission for supervision of the agreement, including elections, was set up, with India as chairman and Canada and Poland as members.

Elections, which were held in 1957, gave the opposition thirteen out of twenty-one seats in the Laotian Parliament. In the interests of neutrality, provided for in the agreement, the Control Commission approved the establishment of a coalition government for Laos which included both Communist and non-Communist leaders. The United States government, under the influence of Dulles, strongly opposed this, and was able to bring sufficient economic and political pressure upon the King to have the neutralist government headed by Prince Souvanna Phouma overthrown; his half-brother, Prince Souvanna Vong, imprisoned, some prominent Communist leaders executed, and the Control Commission dismissed.

According to Joseph Alsop's column, "Matter of Fact," (*New York Herald Tribune*, September 9th, 1959), the King of Laos, the Crown Prince Savong and others informed the United States government in advance of the dangers implicit in the proposed action, and even refused to take this risk until "We [the United States government] promised Laos full support and asserted that the Southeast Treaty Organization would guarantee Laos against aggression." This has been corroborated by Graham Greene: "Nobody with any knowledge of Laos is likely to deny that Prince Souvanna's government has been undermined by the aid given by the United States to the right-wing forces," and "In four winters in Vietnam I was an unhappy witness to the disintegration caused by the intrigue of American undercover agencies." (*London Times*, January 6th, 1961)

Jack Raymond (*New York Times*, January 9th, 1961) gives an even more bizarre account of American meddling, under the headline, "U.S. General Runs Quiet Laos Team." He writes: "Whatever successes the Laotian government has scored in battles with pro-Communist Pathet Lao forces can be attributed in large part to effective training by a special United States unit headed by



a colorful West Pointer nicknamed "The Prussian." Apparently "The Prussian" is U.S. Brigadier General John Arnold Heintges, a German by birth, now on loan to the C.I.A. According to the Associated Press, April 21st, the "Prussian" and the members of his unit have now been put into United States Army uniform.

The C.I.A.'s activities in the Congo are not so well known at this time, but power is being applied. The editor and publisher of the Raleigh, North Carolina *News and Observer*, Jonathan Daniels, reported in a lead editorial, on February 15th, that "He [Edward Kennedy] said that Congo President Joseph Kasavubu, who put Lumumba out of office and into jail, was 'a tool' of the American Central Intelligence Agency."

According to *Time*, for September 26th, 1960, Colonel Mobutu set up his military dictatorship after a series of visits to the American Embassy and "long talks with officials there." I. F. Stone reports: "Later in the fall, Mr. Timberlake [United States] was the first Ambassador to pay an official call on Moise Tshombe, boasting the prestige of this puppet in secessionist Katanga, where Belgian big business and its Rockefeller Allies have been able to carry on their mining operations as undisturbed as if the Congo were still a Belgian colony." (*I. F. Stone Weekly*, March 13th, 1961).

The C.I.A.'s activities in planning, organizing and financing counter-revolutionary forces for the invasion of Cuba, so generally believed before the recent invasion, have now been fully confirmed (*New York Times*, April 21st, 1961). After the *Nation* first broke the news, on November 19th, 1960, about these subversive activities against Cuba, conservative publications like the *New York Times*, *Time* magazine, *U. S. News and World Report*, and others grudgingly confirmed it. For weeks before the invasion, our national TV networks showed pictures of counter-revolutionary forces training in the United States. The State Department in the document referred to earlier threw the whole propaganda package at the present Cuban régime, and called for its overthrow. Fortunately, the failure of the Cuban invasion is causing some concern about the activities of the C.I.A. Jonathan Daniels has demanded the dismissal of Allen Dulles. Let us hope that others will follow suit.

A nation's right to survival is almost as ancient and certainly as well established as is an individual's right of self-defense. If Communist aid to Castro constitutes a threat to the United States, what of our aid to Tito and other countries close to the Communist bloc and the hundreds of American military installations ringing it? Our people should remember that the only foreign military base in Cuba is our base at Guantanamo; and that this base is inside a country with which our government has not only severed diplomatic relations, but has admittedly tried to subvert. Would our people accept

this condition if another government tried to impose it upon us? The answer is certainly no. The truth is that the United States government has made war upon this small country in violation of its solemn treaty obligations.

It will certainly prove difficult for others to see how economic and military aid to a small country of six and one-half million people—aid which, incidentally, Castro's government first requested of the United States government and was refused—can threaten the security of the powerful United States. But it will not prove difficult at all for them to see how the Eisenhower policies, now adopted by Kennedy, threaten the very life of the Cuban government. The fact is that the Cuban Revolution would have been destroyed long before this except for Communist bloc aid, as would Tito earlier but for Western aid.

It serves no useful purpose to accuse the Castro government of violating Organization of American States treaties. The United States government violated the charters of both the O.A.S. and the U.N. when it applied economic and political pressure against Cuba even before the recent invasion attempt. The Revolutionary government of Cuba certainly has some characteristics of a dictatorship—they were relatively mild in nature when I was there last December and January and I suspect that they still are despite propaganda to the contrary—but all successful revolutions have had these traits until stability was finally achieved. Charges of dictatorship were launched against our own Revolution at the time, and probably with about as much truth as present charges against the Cuban Revolution.

The supposedly most damaging and lethal charges leveled at Castro are: 1) he has destroyed the American System, and 2) he has made Cuba a Soviet or Communist satellite. This ideological propaganda is on the same level with that used against Tito in 1948 and since. He too was charged with destroying the Communist system and of being a capitalist satellite. But I know of no American who believes that Tito has destroyed Communism or that Yugoslavia is now a capitalist satellite. Titoism has certainly produced more flexibility in the Communist system and Castroism offers a challenge to the so-called capitalist world to export some of its boasted high standard of living. If it can meet that challenge, Castro will have rendered Twentieth Century capitalism its greatest service, and freedom will have been expanded, not curtailed as forecast by our propaganda.

Perhaps the most surprising, even shocking, part of the State Department's document denouncing Castro is the demand for his overthrow on the ground that he is a dictator and has broken some treaties. Few governments, if any, in history have had more dictators as

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# LETTERS ON THE CUBAN CONTROVERSY

ALFRED C. AMES

Evanston, Ill.

I want to say at this time that Roy Finch in my judgment has the best of it on Cuba. Why *LIBERATION* should for one moment be uncritical of the Castro dictatorship completely escapes me. Perhaps feeling this way, I should not renew. But it is interesting to listen to you, even when you are wrong. And possibly you are right. But can't you be against *both* Kennedy and Castro?

CLYDE R. APPLETON

Tucson, Ariz.

I have just finished reading Dave Dellinger's latest article in *LIBERATION*, and I am moved to do what I should have done some time ago: send you my thanks for his excellent articles on Cuba. I was in Cuba for ten days during the Christmas holidays. Since my return I've taken hold of every opportunity to tell people of my trip. This has included a letter published in the local press and many appearances at public and private meetings. I'm a public school teacher and publicity regarding my statements made my status rather touch-and-go for a while, but I got my contract for next year. Thanks for tenure law. I've done a lot of reading during the past months in an attempt to acquaint myself with the realities of the Cuban Revolution, how it came to be and where it seems to be going. Dave Dellinger's reports expressed, better than anything else I've read, what I saw and *felt* in Cuba.

The proposal of work camps set up in Cuba by American pacifists and libertarians and action projects aimed at our base at Guantanamo have my hearty support. (I helped write a letter which was published in the *Progressive* concerning the possibilities of turning the base into a center for Latin American technical training and research—under U.N. auspices. The recent invasion, C.I.A. complicity and the reckless policy being pursued by the Kennedy administration makes this seem far-fetched.) The Peacemakers had discussed the possibilities of work camps in Cuba. I wonder if any further discussion is being continued in light of current developments. Maybe that tenure law for teachers isn't so important after all.

WALDO FRANK\*

Truro, Mass.

This modest report on the Cuban Revolution is a reviving antidote to the poisonous mountains of material on the subject. At the lowest level there are the stories of the correspondents, chiefly American: stories rotten with lies, half-truths and innuendos whose dominant trait is their complete *insulation* from the Cuban people. Reading these reports one is tempted to cry out: "Are there no Cubans in Cuba?"

\*Ed. note—Mr. Frank's comments serve as the foreword to "America's Lost Plantation," a sixty-page pamphlet just published by *LIBERATION*. The pamphlet contains the complete text of Dave Dellinger's three *LIBERATION* articles on Cuba and a concluding comment. Single copies are fifty cents; bulk orders are available from *LIBERATION* at a reduced rate.

Superficially more decorous has been the attitude of American intellectuals, most of whom call themselves liberals. They began by claiming they knew nothing of Cuba (which was true), nothing of Castro—making their ignorance an excuse for keeping silent while the Eisenhower régime's murderous attacks on Cuba gained ground. They did not feel obligated to correct their ignorance. And when the Communist smear was encouraged by American embargoes on sugar, machinery and oil, compelling trade with Russia, they jumped gladly to the conclusion our State Department wanted them to reach. They still knew nothing about Cuba, but they *did* know that Khrushchev had "put all Cuba in his pocket."

Prior to our war of 1898, the American people were capable of anger against Spain and of sympathy for the Cuban people whom Spain oppressed. They voiced that sympathy in the Congress, forcing it to declare Cuba's unrestricted right to be free . . . voiced it so clearly that the annexationists and the colonialists had to cook up the dishonest Platt Amendment to keep Cuba under American control. In 1961, the American people and the liberals are more docile. When the C.I.A. engineered the recent invasion, there were protests—but almost entirely on legal or tactical grounds. No Americans (in the large) got angry. None assailed the *evil* of American action: the cowardly cruelty to a small people . . . the disgrace and outrage.

Even the best of the books on the Revolution stress the economics, the politics of the event, which are certainly important. Dave Dellinger's first distinction is that he was able to get in touch with *the Cubans*. He does not idealize them; he is not blind to the Cold War danger which the criminal American policy has forced Cuba to incur. But he feels the people; he feels the quality of their leaders; he acknowledges the dangers of personal leadership even by *good* men, as above leadership by law. Mr. Dellinger is not afraid of such words as "evil"; therefore he gains insight in the human and humanistic nature of what is happening in Cuba. Even so intelligent and good-willed a writer as Sartre was handicapped by his basic ignorance of Cuban culture. Dave Dellinger is closer to his subject.

Perhaps the best of these reports is that the author is free of the false alternatives: "either U. S. Capitalism or Russian Communism." He looks for a third way, a Cuban, a Latin American way; and he has been helped to find it through Gandhi. Also he realizes that official U.S.A. and most of the liberals are doing all they can to prevent Cuba from creating that way, by imposing a permanent state of war and a permanent war psychology on Cuba.

This is Cuba's greatest peril; and of course it is our peril, also. A permanent war psychology could destroy us, without a bomb falling.

JACK GREEN

New York

*LIBERATION* is going fellow-traveler over Castro. You should print only mild, polite letters to celebrate or protest. But I for one cannot restrain my enthusiasm! The toiling masses of Yanquiland salute your return to the Cause! And: Hello, suckers!



The way to revise your views on Gandhi in the light of Castro is to forget the skinny little bastard. Who did he ever shoot after he won?

But Castro—there's a real *mensch*! And popular. Why, he reminds me of Huey Long! The only trouble is, any third-string M.V.D. file clerk can handle him with one hand tied behind his back. And any New York C.P. cell; LIBERATION, ditto!

How exciting your Board meetings will be now. On the agenda: 1) Isn't it great to be on the winning side for once? 2) Purging the "doctrinaire libertarians"—they're sweet guys, but they just don't understand. 3) How to tell a Good Communist from a Bad. 4) Showing Your Independence—by blaming it all on Stalin.

You liberals have always had a greedy appetite for totalitarianism. Remember the Twenties, the Thirties, the Forties? Well, that betrayal is old stuff. Go after the Youth—they don't remember it.

Then the anti-Communist Fifties. The liberals had a change of heart! No, you got scared. You wanted to feast, but J. Edgar Hoover's thugs beat you off with a stick.

And now—the dog returns to its vomit!

STAUGHTON LYND

New York

Since World War II, pacifists and socialists have pursued their separate agitations in almost complete isolation from one another. The question of Cuba has forced many of us to grapple freshly with the relation of pacifism to socialism. I think this is an important opportunity. One of the ways we can act responsibly toward the Cuban Revolution is by confronting the relation of pacifism to socialism as squarely as possible.

One attitude a pacifist can adopt toward a socialist revolution is to use violence as an absolute yardstick. As soon as a revolutionary government appears to be employing violence, spiritual and physical, as an habitual instrument, this kind of pacifist will write off the revolution as corrupt. For him a revolution which puts a regular reliance upon violence will be no better than the régime it replaced. As between a capitalist society shot through with violence and a fledgling revolutionary government equally violent, this pacifist will refuse to judge: he feels obliged to pronounce a plague upon both houses. If I am not mistaken, this is the rationale underlying Roy Finch's attitude toward the Cuban Revolution.

A second pacifist will find the attitude just described too abstract. Without being able to refute the strong logic of the "Finch position," he feels that something has been left out of the picture. A libertarian *élan* in the atmosphere of the revolution seems to this second pacifist to be part of reality along with the revolution's violence. He senses intuitively an underlying vitality, a possibility of new beginnings, a long-awaited opportunity to break free from the stifling and deadening grip of American capitalism. This seems to me the gist of Dave Dellinger's argument.

The "Dellinger position" of critical sympathy is open to obvious rebuttals. When a man refuses to perform even non-combatant service in the American Army because it would free another man to fight, and yet supports a régime that lines its opponents against a wall and shoots them, there is a clear inconsistency.

The weakness in the Finch argument may not be so

evident. To my mind, however, they are at least as serious. These weaknesses seem to me to boil down to a refusal to face the historical questions, How do we get from our present society to a nonviolent Utopia?, and, Does one not, in refusing to support any but nonviolent revolutions, in effect become a tacit supporter of the *status quo*?

Roy Finch feels able to conclude after two years that Castro's government will continue indefinitely to become more and more "statist." Historically, this is a very dubious conclusion. Athenian democracy was made possible by the earlier rule of iron-fisted tyrants, who broke the power of the landed aristocracy. Fifty years after Henry VIII executed Thomas More, the plays of Shakespeare were produced in London. Indeed the Parliament which met just after Henry's death spoke of the need for a warmer climate and a "thaw" in the very language of Stalin's successors. What these examples show is that it just isn't always historically true that bad means destroy good ends.

Coming a little closer to home, what would Roy's attitude have been toward the American Revolution? And would he, in retrospect, agree with Garrison that the North should have seceded from the United States, leaving the slaves of the South to the tender mercies of their masters? Was Garrisonian nonviolence or Lincoln's reluctant militarism the best way to help the Southern Negro? We sometimes forget that Thoreau, the father of civil disobedience in America, defended the blood-stained adventurer, John Brown.

These are not easy questions. It is not my intention to pour scorn on the Finch position or lightly to uphold Dave Dellinger's. But I do suggest that Roy Finch's statement of resignation fails to examine all the implications of the actions it recommends to the Cuban people. Distribution of the land to the peasants, government of industry by the workers? We all agree on these goals. All of us no doubt would be more ready than most socialist bureaucrats to take the risk of putting them into practice. But they do involve a risk. It isn't reasonable to regard them as moral imperatives which a revolution must fulfill in the first two years of its existence or forfeit all claims to genuineness. Again, nonviolent overthrow of the Castro government by the Cuban people? All honor to the man of principle who insists on ethical behavior from his friends as well as from his enemies. But I very much question whether a third course of the kind Roy advocates is really open to the Cuban people. If massive nonviolent resistance to Castro were to pave the way for a Colonel Batista's climb to power, would it really be so unquestionably more ethical than attempting to liberalize the Castro régime from within? Granted that one must often act without knowing what the consequences of one's action will be, it seems to me a part of responsible moral action to consider consequences wherever possible.

In all this I am speaking as a pacifist to other pacifists. But I don't consider that my personal refusal to kill requires me to condemn indiscriminately all who resort to violence. The Cuban peasants are struggling with a harsh and bitter historical situation: were I in their shoes, I could only pray to be able to act with some grace and consistency. Their violence seems to me more purposeful, more hopeful, more open to ultimate moderation and humanizing, than the violence of those who oppose them.

Gandhi said: Resist, nonviolently if possible, but in any case resist. In the same spirit I would think that to proclaim anathemas on the world-wide struggle of exploited men to rise from their knees to their feet is the one sin above all others to be feared.

#### HELEN MEARS

New York

Well, thank God for A. J. Muste and the editors who support his views on the Cuba issue. I do not of course question Roy Finch's good faith, but I do question his contact with reality and his common sense. He calls for "the nonviolent overthrow of the Castro Government by the Cuban people themselves with no interference from outside," but unhappily the United States government didn't hear him. Nonviolent revolution is an *action* program, not a debating point, and how a people could carry out such a program while their government and country is undergoing a military invasion organized, planned, directed and armed by a powerful neighboring state would make interesting reading.

The undisputed fact is that our government refuses to let the Cuban people decide for themselves. Many assume that the Cuban people would reject Castro if given the opportunity. This is one of the points at issue. It is interesting however that the chief charge being directed against the C.I.A. role in the "fiasco" is that they *misinterpreted* their "intelligence" reports that claimed that the people would rise and join the invaders. It seems that these military experts—looking forward to the next try—are no longer committed to the notion that the people are against Castro. But it is clear that the United States government is against Castro; so against him that it is willing to break domestic and international law, and launch an invasion-by-proxy, an act of war by any reasonable definition of the word, in total disregard for the people killed, or the property destroyed, or the consequences to the good name of the American people.

Influential Americans have waged war against the Castro government from the beginning—first the great corporations and landowners, and then our government. The overthrow of Castro is an official U.S. policy. Just the other day the House of Representatives passed a resolution declaring that in their view Castro constitutes a "clear and present danger" to our country. Only two Congressmen voted against it.

At this point in history it seems to me that the proper concern for Americans is the U.S. government's policies and attitudes; and the condition of galloping militarism and imperialism which has now burst out into the open for even the most reluctant to see. Not only was that invasion an unbelievably shameful act, but the way it has been reported in our press and news-periodicals has been monstrous. The *tone* and general attitude—as though the whole business were some super TV spectacular or spy-melodrama; and the arrogance, the indifference to human beings, the indifference to international law and our government's solemn commitments, the fanaticism—the record is literally sickening.

Golly, Roy—*think*. Take off a week and spend it catching up with the popular accounts of this fiasco in *Time* and *Life*, in *U. S. News and World Report*, and *Newsweek*, in our metropolitan papers, not neglecting the Letters-to-the-Editor—and *come down to earth*. Even if every word charged against Castro were true—and

our own anti-Castro press documents the fact that most of it isn't—the issue right now would not be what to do about Castro, but what to do about our own government—and press.

#### JOYCE MERTZ

New York

I read Roy Finch's article in the May issue with admiration and distress—admiration because I feel he has pointed out some truths in regard to the Cuban government which some of us have tended to forget or overlook in the heat of our indignation; distress because of his conclusion that he must resign from an editorial debate that has little chance of occurring on the pages of any other magazine in this country.

I do not agree with everything Finch says in this article but I believe his anti-rhinoceros position is essential if the integrity of the discussion is to be maintained in *LIBERATION*. To maintain this integrity here is all the more important because it exists almost nowhere else. He says that questions of fundamental outlook on which a magazine is founded and which are the soul of the magazine are not after five years within the area of debate. I do not see why they should not be debated, particularly when the alternative seems to be that Finch will take his viewpoint out of the picture, particularly when we have in *LIBERATION* one of the few places I know of where such a debate could be conducted in a spirit of good taste and friendship.

For this reason, I hope Finch will reconsider his resignation, return to the Board, and continue the discussion.

#### ELEANOR NELSON

New York

I have spent the winter in Mexico and came home to read your past issues. I was glad to see that you gave two points of view about Cuba. There is no doubt in my mind that violence breeds violence and that a nonviolent revolution in Cuba would have avoided the reaction, already in process.

Mexico is an example of the effects of civil war continued for a century to the advantage of the rich and the degradation of the poor. Mexico is still a country where the rich get richer and the poor, poorer.

A pity that President Kennedy has not followed the example of Abraham Lincoln, a friend of Benito Juárez, then President of Mexico, who fought for a democratic constitution. He was a Zapotecan Indian and his campaign was conducted, not with military weapons, but alone, driving in a battered beach buggy in the backlands of Mexico, for some ten years.

#### FELIX ORTIZ

New York

Before commenting on the Cuban debate perhaps I should first tell what my bias is. Politically I am an anarchist. I believe that we need to make important changes in our way of life and that none of these changes can be brought about by voting for this or that politician every few years. Elections do not offer any real choice and if any group threatens to change the system (the I.W.W. in the United States, for instance) it is persecuted and crushed by the ruling powers if it is not strong enough to survive. Theologically I am now an existentialist and I find myself in substantial agreement



with the Catholic Romano Guardini, the Protestant Paul Tillich and the Jew Martin Buber. Philosophically I am a pessimist and I hold with Schopenhauer that the human race will continue to have its conflicts and miseries no matter what we do, politically or otherwise. But, and this is an important *but*, I cheer for the heroic gesture of Nietzsche, who attempted, not to contradict Schopenhauer, but to "soar above him." Trying to change things *may* be futile in view of the tragic ironies of history, but *not trying* is worse than death.

I believe in the heroic gesture of Fidel Castro, who has been changing things in a heroic manner and has been able to elevate the moral plane of a people. Even if nothing had been achieved in Cuba in the way of economic betterment I would still be for the Revolution because: *The Cuban Revolution is a moral revolution.*

I am not at all impressed by a "distinguished German anarchist" who spent three months in Cuba "studying the Cuban economy." Neither can I be impressed by those who now call for the overthrow of the Cuban government on anarchist grounds, but who have never (to my knowledge) used similar terms regarding the United States government.

I do not believe that a rigid form of authoritarian statism has been established in Cuba. I believe that the situation there is still quite fluid—in contrast to the rigid capitalist relationships of the United States. If we want the revolutionary situation in Cuba to move in a more libertarian direction what we should do is support the Revolution (this means supporting Castro) and oppose Stalinism by exposing its past treacheries and warning about its probable future ones.

Surely, we can all play the game called "Consistency." To play this game we first adopt an ideology composed of rigid principles and then we can submit anything that happens in the world to our laboratory tests and if it ain't quite kosher we can turn our thumbs down. But what will we be then? Scientific mummies, zombies. Our hearts will have dried up.

GEORGE PERL

Scarsdale, N. Y.

Due to the resignation of Roy Finch and for the same reasons please take me off your list.

DONALD PHELPS

Brooklyn

Let me submit my vote, for whatever it is worth, in support of Roy Finch, whose courage and justice make me regret my own previous reticence on the Castro situation. My excuses for such reticence, I'm very much afraid, are not more distinguished than are the excuses for their position of many intelligent and honorable supporters of Castro. Until recently, I tranquilized myself with such propositions as that I was an artist and not directly involved with the Cuban issue and that I wasn't very well informed (true; although I hadn't broken my neck trying to inform myself). But the pre-eminent excuse was that the situation as I understood it was too complicated for quick judgment (meaning, for any judgment); that the United States, as well as the Castro régime, had been guilty of appalling moral obtuseness; that the régime, a reaction to an insufferable despotism, deserved, as such, considerable indulgence. This last excuse is of outstanding importance, I think, because it is a symptom of the same kind of

moral debility which, in opposite form, afflicts my pro-Castro friends.

My opinions have been brought to a head, mainly by two events: my reading in the *New Leader* of Theodore Draper's article, reprinted from *Encounter*; and the recent abortive invasion of Cuba. About the Draper article, I can permit myself far too little space in which to comment adequately; except to say that, to my knowledge, it has not, in the United States, been satisfactorily confronted, much less refuted; that its virile temperateness is in the finest tradition of British-American journalism; and that it should (will it?) provide a refresher course, not to say a face-smarting rebuke, for those exponents of "fair play" who have propagandized for Fidel.

About the invasion: I think that in its squandering of courageous men; in its failure to question the sort of victory that might be achieved, as well as the possibility of such achievement; in the moral shell-game it cozily endorsed, it represents the worst degree of ethical stupidity: that is to say, only slightly better than wickedness. Apart from the foregoing reasons, however, one all-important reason for condemning this invasion has not, I think, been adequately suggested, in print: it provides a moral alibi for people who themselves have dunked in the trough of ethical expediency a little too often for the good of their insides, by excusing or endorsing the pro-Communism, suppressive tactics, broken promises and murders of the Castro government. (I do not say this is more important than the moral tradition of the recent invasion: the worst tradition, in this case, having been against the invaders themselves.)

People like Marc Schleifer, LeRoi Jones, Nat Hentoff and Samuel Pitts Edwards are people whom I will never feel shame at working with. But, it seems to me, that Roy Finch recognizes what the above-mentioned good people are reluctant to recognize: i.e., we can no longer afford to devote ourselves to a *moral pluralism* which acknowledges only that the situation is very, very complicated. The most valuable function of morality must be to *simplify things in a valid way*. More disheartening to me than the moral grossness of the recent invasion is the use of this invasion as a camouflage by those who consider themselves exponents of justice. By whom shall the stupid and evil people be corrected and refuted, when wise and righteous people fling away their mandate? The resounding answers to Finch of Dave Dellinger and Carleton Beals collapse, for me, into a jangle of tactics. (Question: Is Beals accusing Roy Finch of endorsing the Batista despotism? Answer: probably not; Mr. Beals, according to the latest thing in *realpolitik*, is letting us "judge for ourselves," with a slight kidney-shove to get us started.) Dellinger—not insignificantly, in view of what Draper says about the deterioration in Castro's personality—confines his defense of the blood-letting to the early days of the revolution. Beyond this, it seems to me, both Dellinger and Beals lapse into the common parakeet cheeping of "Things aren't as bad as *that*." David Salvador *was* arrested for leaving Cuba, but he was probably up to something crooked (Dellinger says he was "accused" of possessing currency; Beals refers to Salvador leaving in the company of conspirators). Beals is disturbed by the government appropriation of power to hire and fire from the unions; but this move (enacted, I gather, as a permanent, not an emergency measure) was justified by the anti-Negro deportment of

the Electrical Union's Secretary General. And what is Mr. Beals' internal disturbance, against the blueprint of the future? Nor do these yoke-fellows in equity so much as suggest any difference between the justice-seeking position of Roy Finch, and the many divergent positions of the Cuban exiles (all of whom are mashed together as anti-Fidelistas); or, for that matter, between Finch's position and that of the buffoons who perpetrated the "Castro, Cuba, Communism" pseudo-documentary.

Paul Goodman has several times written valuably about the indulgence in "moral pornography." May I suggest that such pornography subsists very much on slogans like "Things are very complicated"; "We mustn't be too abstract"; "Ideals need practical support"? I needn't specify that these slogans are often true, in particular circumstances. But to make of these slogans moral talismans, is to change them into, not magic spectacles for perceiving the Truth in all kinds of weather, but pornographic glasses, each lens imprinted with the smutty image of ideological wish-fulfillment.

#### RUTH M. REYNOLDS

New York

When Fidel Castro, exercising the full weight of his personal prestige against the retributive judgment of his compatriots and colleagues in government, took a firm position against the execution of the prisoners captured in the Bay of Cochinos in April, he nevertheless promised the Cuban people that these prisoners would be required to undo, insofar as they were able, the material damage they had done. The eighty-five persons they had killed could not be restored to life, but the destruction they had caused they could pay for by the labor of their hands. He then added that if the Yankees who had sent them there wanted these prisoners freed, they might themselves pay for the damage for which they were responsible, instead of the prisoners having to work it out. "We will exchange these worms for tractors," he declared, adding that we might have all the Falangist priests for free.

This unexpectedly generous offer was immediately distorted in the American press as a willingness to barter the lives of the prisoners for machinery. Appropriately incensed, the Cuban leader announced that if these distortions continued the tractor deal was off, and that the prisoners could then be exchanged for other political prisoners, with Francisco Molina (the Cuban tried in New York for the alleged murder of a Venezuelan child accidentally killed during a quarrel between Cuban political adversaries in a New York restaurant last fall) and Dr. Pedro Albizu Campos (President of the Nationalist Party of Puerto Rico) heading the list.

While this alternative proposal has received no further publicity, it nevertheless inspires comparison of the treatment of political prisoners held in Cuba and in Puerto Rico.

The facts in the two cases are not completely analogous. In Puerto Rico there was no plot from outside by a foreign government to overthrow the existing one. A foreign government, that of the United States of America, was already in control, and had been for fifty years, and the prisoners captured in Puerto Rico in 1950 were Puerto Ricans working without foreign intervention for the independence of their country. They did not initiate violent action, but merely fought back when police carried out orders believed to have been

given six months earlier by Secretary of War Louis Johnson for the arrest and imprisonment or assassination of the entire leadership of the Nationalist Party of Puerto Rico. Although fewer than one hundred men engaged in the fighting, more than two thousand persons were arrested within a three-day period, and approximately five hundred, including myself, were subsequently sentenced on false charges of advocating the overthrow of the government by force and violence.

Despite the fact that the "activities on and around October 30, 1950" were said to have grown out of this alleged advocacy of the violent overthrow of the government, the participants in the fighting were not arraigned as political offenders, but as common assassins and would-be assassins. Every prisoner who fought in a battle in which any policeman was killed was given a life sentence for the assassination of each police officer. For example, in Jayuya a policeman and Carlos Irizarry killed one another in crossfire. The thirty-one Nationalists allegedly accompanying Irizarry were all sentenced to life imprisonment for the assassination of the man he killed. In Arecibo, four policemen died and every Nationalist who survived the battle and was later captured was given four life sentences.

Don Pedro Albizu Campos is not even alleged to have killed anyone. He and two secretaries were working in his home when police opened fire, immediately wounding one of the secretaries. When she regained consciousness two hours later she and her companion left to try to reach a hospital, and were arrested *en route*. Albizu Campos remained in his home, under intermittent siege, for sixty hours, until driven out by thirteen tear-gas bombs hurled into the building. He was sentenced to seventy-nine years in prison for allegedly attempting to assassinate the policemen besieging his home, for illegal possession of firearms and explosives, and for twelve speeches made between June 1948 and October 1950.

Pardoned by Governor Luis Muñoz Marín in September 1953, and released with open sores encircling both legs, which were diagnosed by one physician as "burns due to unknown cause" and by another as burns similar to those provoked in cancer patients by excessive doses of radiation, he was virtually bedridden until March 1954, when his pardon was revoked without explanation, hearing or new charges. Back in prison he suffered a recurrence of a heart ailment, and two paralytic strokes, which have left him so badly crippled that since November 1956 he has been confined in a special guarded cell in the Presbyterian Hospital in San Juan.

If the justice of Fidel Castro were similar to that of the United States government in Puerto Rico, every captured invader would be sentenced to 85 life sentences for the assassination of the 85 persons they killed.

Isn't it appropriate to suggest that Eleanor Roosevelt, Milton Eisenhower, Walter Reuther and their hundred and eighty million compatriots might do well to 1) demand the immediate release of all political prisoners under the United States flag, as an example to Fidel Castro, and 2) provide tractors for Cuba as a voluntary expression of sorrow and atonement for our government's attempt, behind our backs, to destroy by force and violence the government that has ended the exploitation of the Cuban people by a powerful handful of our compatriots?



# The Freedom Ride and the Truman Walk

James Peck

On May 25th, Senator Eastland of Mississippi, chairman of the Senate Internal Security subcommittee, attacked Jim Peck as "a Communist agitator of the most dangerous kind" who is "disloyal to his country."

The New York Post countered, editorially: "Surely Eastland should have learned the distinction between a pacifist and a Communist, no matter how much he dislikes both. But he is unable or unwilling to learn. He took the Senate floor for a raucous attack on Jim Peck, the Freedom Rider who was so savagely assaulted by an Alabama mob. Peck's pacifist convictions are long a matter of record: he has suffered imprisonment for them on other occasions. Does Eastland really not grasp the distinction? Is he a fool or a faker?"

WHY SENATOR EASTLAND singled me out for attack rather than, say, James Farmer, National Director of CORE or Albert Bigelow, captain of the "Golden Rule," who were also on the first Freedom Ride, is not clear. Possibly it was because of the publicity focused on me as a result of my having been the most severely beaten of the group, requiring fifty-three stitches in my head. Possibly it was because I am from New York City, which to the Eastlands is symbolic of Communists, Jews, foreigners and everything "un-American."

But whatever the motivation, Senator Eastland's attack merely added to the widespread support which the Freedom Rides are receiving. When the fourteen of us in the original group boarded our South-bound buses in Washington on May 4th, little did we anticipate that the Freedom Ride idea would spread in much the same way as did the lunch-counter sit-ins, following the original sit-in at Greensboro, North Carolina on February 1, 1960. When a group of us went on a similar Freedom Ride, back in 1947, the response was entirely different. In one of the first Southern towns to which our bus had taken us, on that trip, we were met by a delegation of local Negroes who begged us to abandon the project. Now, as I write, students, both white and Negro, are volunteering and more Freedom Rides are underway. CORE has established a nonviolent training center for participants in New Orleans and is coordinating its mobilization of Freedom Riders with Southern-based groups such as the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, the Nashville Nonviolent Movement and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. Some groups, such as the one led by the Chaplain of Yale University, have initiated Freedom Rides independently.

An indication of how many Americans feel about the Freedom Rides is the support given me in my own neighborhood of New York, a city noted for its callousness and impersonality. The very day I got back, I was asked to address a youth group at nearby Riverside Church, one of the biggest churches in the city, and to write a story for *The Morningsider*, our neighborhood weekly publication. A few days later, residents of my apartment house gave a party at which over a hundred dollars was raised for CORE. Residents of another building nearby distributed a mimeographed appeal for funds to con-

tinue the Freedom Rides. My address having appeared in the newspapers, I have received over seventy-five letters of support, some of them from high school students who enclose ten- or twenty-five-cent pieces for CORE.

I have received only two hostile pieces of mail, one a postcard with "DROP DEAD" scrawled on it in red ink and the other containing two copies of a vicious anti-Semitic publication called *Common Sense*. Most scary was a 2 a.m. phone call which my wife answered in which a man threatened to kill her and our two boys in addition to me. Such anonymous phone calls are commonplace to leading anti-segregationists living in the South but are unusual in the North.

On June 5th I decided to approach former President Harry S. Truman during his early-morning walk to take issue with a statement he had made on his walk a couple of days earlier that "Northerners who go South as Freedom Riders are meddlesome intruders [who] should stay home and attend to their own business."

When I introduced myself as "a Freedom Rider from the North," Truman interrupted with: "Better stay up North, then."

I went on to say: "As I see it, ending racial segregation in the United States is the business of all conscientious citizens, whether from North, South, East or West. Racial segregation more than any other single factor besmirches the United States in the world's eyes and aids the Communist propaganda machine."

Truman then put in: "That's just what *you* are doing: helping the Communists." As I started a final sentence, Truman snapped: "I'm not going to say any more!"

During the walk, after reporters had exhausted their questions on other matters, I expressed regret that the former President would not discuss the Freedom Rides in a serious manner, particularly since so many prominent persons view them favorably. Truman disposed of the matter by calling the Freedom Rides "just trouble-making."

Although Truman often uses his early morning walk to sound off on social issues, reporters told me it was the first time that he had been confronted in this way by one of the persons against whom he has fulminated. The confrontation received considerable publicity and helped dramatize the conflicting viewpoints between which the American people must choose.

## FOREVER ILIAD

MEL MOST

THOSE WHO KNOW the ugliness with which dirty fly-ridden, cruel and ill-mannered gangs of children in the Near East can crowd mercilessly around a weary traveler, have a rare privilege. They alone can understand the beauty of Jesus' reaction when these were thrust upon him, and he said: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, forbid them not."

The story has become an absurdity when seen in church paintings of darling little lovey-dovey pasteurized sissies being taken to heart (why shouldn't they be?) by a male mama-figure hamming the role of Christ.

That is the eternal expropriation-by-reinterpretation of beauty, the "folk etymology" of aesthetics and sentiment, to force on it the suitability or pleasantness which it had defied.

At its very best, the result is merely a more sophisticated version of prettiness, of shopgirl's magazine stories with handsome heroes and happy endings, of mama-protection, of whitewashing.

The artist's or saint's expression of beauty is stolen and damned by praise—not at all faint but laid on thick as cosmetics. The kidnapped Fair Helen is hailed as a queen while held as a captive, to the delight of the city's intra-mural rulers and burghers.

That is also, of course, the "happy ending" in political history, when the revolution won is made into the power and the glory against the revolutionaries of a later period.

Even more than for God and country, however, is it the story of the less well organized human values: brotherhood and beauty as sought through tolerance and art. The defense of these, like that of religion or revolution, is sold out first by those who use the terms most and make them platitudes.

It is thus when religious and ethnic tolerance—toward Catholic, Jew and Negro—has become virtually a pompous, respectable conventionality of liberals; one does not extend it lightly to unrespectable upstarts like Zen or Puerto Ricans. One may no longer snicker at a bearded old Jew—merely at a bearded young one.

It is thus when the symbolism of each previous generation in art and letters, as soon as understood without the effort it demanded, is promptly upheld as a lesson in easy clarity, to deride the next crew of symbolists coming on duty.

I sat at a discussion among the good burghers of our own day, smart and kind and far from insensitive professional-class New Yorkers, who talked about an artist's discovery of beauty in African natives—Isak Dinesen's book *Out of Africa*, it happened to be.

And I saw the artist betrayed because her interpretations were accepted with no consideration of what they were interpretations of. They could not recognize her outcry:

Look, here is where one can find beauty—in these vermin-infested savages, lazy and greedy, evasive and insensitive to justice, hardly different from the soil and the beasts, buying wives like chattel, given to orgiastic and lawless dances that I found charming. You would reject them out of hand, have them jailed for violations of decency, at very best pity them as poor suffering creatures who don't know any better. Look at the true beauty in them.

And on the other side of the fence, see these priests and their mission that I hate so much for swarming in to destroy the native life. Look, I can find beauty there too. Those priests, whom you couldn't stand to go near if you had my point of view, I visit every Sunday for a colorful service in their lovely French church and an enjoyable chat afterwards over a glass of good wine.

Amid the unanimous admiration for the author, and reading of fine passages from her book, and expressions of sympathy for the natives ("it's unbelievable that they later became the Mau Maus"), the message was buried and the artist robbed of her victory.

In these admirers' minds, her natives had got de-loused and scrubbed and sterilized into gentle child-like souls—exactly what the author hated the missions for doing to them. They were shown clean of the wildness she had tried to show was beautiful, and subjected to the taming she detested.

They became those readily welcomed children, the innocent little sweethearts flocking to the revised standard Dear Jesus of the Gospel of Saint Ernest Renan. They became the undressed Uncle Toms of the liberal bourgeoisie—white man's niggers.

Thus the artist too is made into a white man's nigger. In this case she was a ventriloquist's black-faced dummy singing: "Look away, look away, look away—to my remote storybook Kikuyus—so that you cannot notice the beauty and the laughter of the unperfumed Puerto Rican Kikuyus on your own New York plantation."

Unruffled at that hygienic distance, we contemplated the gay Somali prostitutes of the native quarter of Nairobi, for whom the author had a smile along with her deep admiration for the delicate cloistered lives of their more respectable Somali sisters, from which those young ladies had fled.

Yet the understanding spectators can't look quite so easily into the Greenwich Village quarter of their own city, at the beatnik girl who has run away from the prostitution of American middle-income womanhood, its husband hunting, security exploitation and consumer serfdom.



Instead she walks behind folds of soft wool and in trousered limbs, refusing to offer her bosom and legs to the market—alas, for those are beautiful commodities—and without taking the other respectable path, either, of priggishly imprisoning her youth and betraying her freedom.

The beauty is in the "Aye!" of the beholder, who has eyes to see her standing in the grace of free sandaled feet, and crowned by the ancient and universal glory of a woman's free-falling hair, on which all our religions of West and Middle East have feared to gaze from earliest times.

Sure I know all the things wrong about the beat chick. Who doesn't shout them? She is no Saint of Bleecker Street. But that's just the point. We have beautiful Kikuyus of every humble sort all around us, except that they're close enough to smell.

No, one doesn't have to "love the whole world"—that is another antiseptic value. I'll join in the snickers at the benign and stupid visitor to the garden of life, over-anxious to please his host, who makes himself ridiculous by stopping to smell and sigh over the skunk-weed in the flower bed. But it's a poor horticulturist who cannot admire the wild flowers of the fields as well.

The seeker distinguishes better from good, good from bad and bad from worse, whether in garden or in garbage dump, to love them and hate them. But he angrily wipes all values free of either guilt or gilt by association, and similarly refuses to sully or gild the associations to match.

We need go no further, actually, than the previous example for everything else we want to find. Can one look only through a Dinesen's eyes at the drums and crude chants and quasi-Zen outlook of African natives we can barely distinguish from pure fiction?

Why not the bongo drums and the quasi-Zen and the weird "poetry" chants below 14th Street? There the guitar has once more replaced the portable radio, the cracker-barrel philosophizing beloved of old has reclaimed its own from the philosophy-out-of-a-can of Mr. Jack Paar and the *Reader's Digest*, the question has again become "What is the best way to live?" instead of "Which career offers the best old-age retirement plan?" or, socially minded, "How best can I force my neighbor to drink fluoridated water?"

The epigones can see none of this, for the only beauty which they see is the beauty of refuge and comfort and protection from unpleasantness. It is not the authentic beauty of affirmation, of fulfillment in both boldness and self-denial, of true adventure, of reaching out to what is not accepted or acceptable.

Their beauty instead becomes amusement, their "true art" merely disguised entertainment to be laid before

them, requiring no act of seeking or giving oneself to it.

Oh, it is a sort of beauty, too, no question about it, just as the mission in Dinesen's *Anschaung* had beauty of its own. But on the other side of the question, one sees them following like jackals, waiting for the fresh meat to become carrion, until their food has enough acceptability and triteness to lose all its savor. And all the while ready to scream "For shame!" at the lion ahead, if they catch him in the act of battling the bull moose for the kill.

That is the history or art as it is of tolerance.

So it was that the Florentine painters, who sought Hellenic subjects as being less pious and made pious figures appear mortal, who might show as much interest in a man's muscles as a woman's lines, have passed on only to have the public reendow their subjects with reliquary pietism and their muscles with softness.

Breughel's gay folk festivities soon were to hide what he painted to show—that they were gay folk festivities of ignorant smelly peasants in drunken rowdiness. He brought out the honest beauty of all this not wisely but too well, so that for today's museum visitors he might just as well have painted gay minuets at a colorful palace ball.

El Greco's bold lines were ignored as unimportant art right up to the end of the last century. They are admired and as acceptable now as any illustrations for the *Saturday Evening Post*—in fact, maybe they really *could be* illustrations for the *Saturday Evening Post*—with their soul dissolved into the cosmic unity of the bourgeois Nirvana.

Better come back, Degas and Renoir and Gauguin and Manet. Those old-time romantic nudes of lily-white skin, swan-like necks, pearly teeth, breasts of the driven snow, beauty parlor hair-do's, sleek racehorse outlines, have snuck right back into your own canvases. The glow and color you gave the female figure are now just part of the chorus girl show to make it look nice.

And each of these artists in turn, as soon as he becomes beautified properly and beatified property, is pointed to as an example of the fine old comfortable and cowardly tradition, against his successors taking the next step.

It is an expropriation by attrition—you lose if you do win—that has made many a modern artist shun the word "beauty" as the free shun the word "liberal."

That, in part, is why Bohemian poets and aspirants instinctively turn to four-letter words for protective coloration. For the same reason, the government sensibly orders horse-meat chunks of pet food to be dyed with (quite harmless) purple stains—to keep the philistines from cutiefying the product and serving it up as one of their table delicacies.

Still, the artist and the seeker cannot really be betrayed by this philistine process, unless they themselves are lured by it and become corrupted.

Able to see beauty wherever it hides, the real seeker may find a little of it, too, in the eyes that look through colored glasses and even in their tinted view. Like the Kikuyus, their would-be civilizers are savages, too, in their own way, and one goes back to visit with them also, as a change.

For his part, the artist need not look in their direction at all. After all, his achievement from the start has been to liberate himself from the need of or for acceptability. And, concentrating to see what others cannot in the area where he does look, he has eyes and love for little else.

So he moves on like a lion, in search of new conquests of beauty. He explained in the Renaissance, "No, it isn't that—I wasn't merely trying to show a holy subject." And later, "No, I didn't make myself clear; I don't mean it's a beautiful 'human story' either." And then, "No, not even interesting-looking people and things—maybe some simple apples or unpeopled landscapes might distract less attention from it."

Inescapably, after impressionism, it had to be: "No, no, I'm not saying either that there's a nice configura-

tion of land and clouds around that house scene, that's not what I meant."

Which made him go on into the Twentieth Century, where so many other kinds of lions have halted timidly at the edge of the spreading, sprawling organization and greed of man: "How can I show the guts of it?" Maybe this way: "Well, I'll just paint abstractions or cubes of objects." . . . "Oh, never mind the objects, I'll paint the cubes and lines and colors themselves." . . . "Then maybe, I'll cut those out and paint it all a subtle variation of just one color at a time."

Until finally today, far ahead of the saints, the abstract expressionist comes to the inevitable discovery of ultimate honesty: "I've found out what it is I am painting—I am painting paint! See, this is paint undisguised—doesn't it look like paint now? The colors come out because I move my brush; I'd been hedging a little about that point before. Look, you can see how I moved my whole arm. A painting comes from painting!"

He could well add:

"On the tiny sector of the freedom front manned by our self-centered forces, the libertarian revolution has already come! At last, at last, we've captured the prize of Euclid—no matter how we may dress her again tomorrow, here and now we can look on beauty bare."

## PROPAGANDA AND SUBVERSION

*continued from page 13*

"allies" than the United States government has today; Franco and Chiang Kai-shek are only two among many. And all great powers—even little ones when they could get away with it—have violated agreements no longer in their national interests. This is standard operating procedure in the anachronistic nation-state system and always has been. Both of these charges seem to me to represent official hypocrisy in its most arrogant form.

Unless the United States government is prepared to repeat and possibly magnify the mistakes of the Soviet government in Hungary in 1956, it has no alternative to coexistence with Castro's Cuba and others who may choose a different economic and political system. The uncommitted world and much of the rest are watching this modern version of the drama of David and Goliath. If Castro is overthrown by United States government mercenaries, or its military forces, the victory may well prove pyrrhic in the absolute sense.

It is now too late, and always has been, I believe, for a world *gendarmarie*. It failed when Prince Metternich tried it, through the Holy Alliance, after Napoleon had failed, in 1815. The United States as well as the Soviet Union and their "allies" are finding it impossible

in Germany, Korea, Vietnam, Laos, the Congo, Cuba, and everywhere. The old order of Empire, Colonialism, military alliances and balance of power is crumbling, or proving inadequate for national security purposes. There is no military defense in the thermonuclear age; accordingly general and complete disarmament is necessary. There can be no stable society without laws, courts and police power to enforce the decisions of the courts; therefore, world government, limited but adequate to world needs, is imperative.

According to the great mathematician and statesman, Albert Einstein, "The splitting of the Atom has changed everything save our modes of thinking." So now we must change our modes of thinking in order to survive. We must refrain from the hypocritical propaganda pretense that the world is divided between good and evil forces. While it has always been wrong to lie about one's opponent, as it has been to make war, it was not fatal until now.

It is now necessary to replace passion with reason, fear with faith, and hate with love. Only in this way can man create the consensus of hope so necessary for the realization of his highest potential. This is the challenge to America and to all mankind in this hour of peril.



# REVIEW . . .

## AN UNTOTALITARIAN STATE

Jack Jones, in a letter to *LIBERATION*, referred to Cuba as Castro's "Animal Farm." Murray Kempton, in the *New York Post*, compared Cuba to Fascist Mississippi. Such labels are only more sophisticated than the mass-journalese that lumps Castro together with Hitler, Stalin, Trujillo and Eichmann; the same *motif* underlies them. Mr. Jones' letter said the same thing, in essence, as a *New York Times* article, which described the Cubans as hand-shaking enthusiasts whom Castro has only made uppity, having turned their penchant for servility into raised fists that will do whatever the "trouble-maker" demands. This caricature is very much like the one Southerners carry in their heads of what lies behind the demand of Negroes for their Constitutional rights. Indeed—as James Baldwin has pointed out—the Americans' attitude toward the Negro is not singular; it is the attitude we have toward all the revolutionary peoples of the world. Certainly the sort of Newspeak which has influenced Mr. Jones has a sister in the *milieu* that enables Governor Ross Barnett to lead William Faulkner by the hand. As for Cuba's being like Fascist Mississippi, I think Murray Kempton needs a lesson in metaphors. As was pointed out in Dave Dellinger's articles, the *New York Times* can be bought on the street corners of Havana despite its Cuban coverage; the Cubans are not afraid of fabrications. Throughout the Deep South, however, the same paper is angrily harpooned as a Communist rag. That integration could be realized in Cuba without the use of bayonets should tell Kempton something about the temperament of the revolution; and rigorous police actions to protect the people from saboteurs is not the same thing as the terrorism of the White Citizens Council.

These remarks are made by way of prelude to a review of Jean-Paul Sartre's book *On Cuba*.<sup>\*</sup> There is room for the accusation that Sartre in this book attempts to make hay for an ideological bias; we should consider it, but only after first having looked at our own smoke screen, which is of an emotional cast. In the words of Madame Curie, "Nothing is to be feared; it is only to be understood."

On the first page, off-handedly, Sartre calls our attention to Yankee tourists, "elegant and sporty. I look with surprise at their chilled faces. What's crushing them? Their millions or their feelings? In any case, it's a problem that doesn't concern me." But these "puritans"—as Sartre calls them—are not harmless stiff. The indictments which follow in this first chapter culminate in a picture of the Statue of Liberty seen "in its true sense: the North Americans were lighting up the New World by selling it, quite expensively, its own electricity." The only other Yankees in the book are a couple of Georgians, "faces healthy and rough, hair white, eyes empty." We are left with this subliminal registering of K.K.K. and raids in the night, when, in the same chapter, the munitions ship *La Coubre* blows up and the United States is implicated in sabotage. Some readers will not get to that point; they will put the book down after the first chapter with a self-righteous "poof," because it is in the rough-house style of

revolutionary journalism, which has not been taken seriously in our country for a long time.

The invective is complemented by an idolization of the revolutionary leaders, which is in the same tradition of broad strokes, with no gray areas. We read of the *enfants terribles*: "The young people had nothing to lose. They saw their elders treating tyranny with respect. . . . Faced with the resignation of the adults, they forged an intransigence that they never lost. . . . This indomitable violence, this solemn but total assurance, this certainty of winning in any case, draws all its strength from indignation. . . . What gave them particular clarity, an 'efficient grace,' was that they had once and for all renounced life. . . . These young people form a discreet cult of energy. . . . They push their self-control . . . so far that they use this energy . . . to tyrannize their natural ways," to the point of making the author ashamed of his own natural ways.

Sartre is a Frenchman hot for a revolution and a French intellectual enamored with an idea. He has found in this island apart from the mainstream of history a model situation in which to write a polemic, and in these unsettled "kids" a wishful analogy to his own paradoxical being. The youthful *ascesis* he broadcasts is nothing new. As Alfred North Whitehead pointed out, youth's "very search for personal experience elicits impersonality," and therefore it is "peculiarly susceptible to appeals for beauty of conduct." When such an appeal is made, youth's "self-surrender is absolute." We can see this borne out in our own pacifist and integrationist movements, which comprise the only wholly dutiful Americanism; it is the young who are willing to walk to Russia and who risk death in the waiting-rooms of our South.

The abstemious ardor of Sartre's favorite sons is something new in the literature on Cuba. The polemic against us, however, is something we are too familiar with from Sartre, and it has never been effectual. European intellectuals draw a cartoonist's picture of our faults and failings; yet only shame could move us to change—which could only be forced by an understanding of us. There is no better weapon in revolutionary journalism than a lofty scorn for the Tories; it is one of the highest forms of patriotism. But applied to reactionaries in other countries, it loses its rights, its loftiness, and its power.

Those who do not take this strange romance of Spartan rigor and self-sacrifice with at least one grain of salt may be faced with disillusionment in the final chapter. This is called "Ideology and Revolution," and is a philosophical comment on the meaning of the Revolution. It begins charmingly enough, presenting an irrefutable case for the ideological innocence of Cuba; but then it slides into gloomy Neo-Marxism. "Inflexible radicalizations," irreversible resolutions, etc., are the tone of Sartre's description of the "ties that unite actions and ideas" in Cuba. "There is no middle ground between the defeatist ideology of bourgeois parliamentarianism, individualism, and the humanistic ideology of the people . . . Man can obtain freedom, but . . . only . . . if he stops thinking of himself and stops loving himself as a *separate individual* who is proud of his differences and perfectly important, so that he may transform himself into the people. . . ."

Those readers, however, who have taken the eulogization of self-exploitative virtues (if they can be called such) with a grain of salt will know what Sartre is up to.

<sup>\*</sup>*Sartre on Cuba*, by Jean-Paul Sartre. Ballantine, 160 pp., 50c.

The romance of the book consists precisely of Fidel Castro, the living embodiment of Historical Necessity, being stopped on the road by separate individuals.

"A Day in the Country" begins with Sartre's first glimpse of Fidel in the center of a stadium surrounded by a swarm of school children—they won't let him leave and cry and cling to his boot. When Sartre's bewildered Man of Action flees for his life, the scene is almost comic opera. The rest of the chapter and the following one, "If They Ask Me for the Moon," are composed of similar routs, Castro besieged, as he attempts to take Jean-Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir on a tour of the countryside, by farmers, workers, clucking wives, a white-robed geologist priest, a thundering Negro (one of James Baldwin's "no nonsense" men), who pounds at the hood of their automobile. "You rash fool!" he cries—"Protect your life. It belongs to us, not to you."

In *Studies on the Left* (Vol. 1, No. 3), Saul Landau and Eleanor Hakim pointed out, in reviewing *Anatomy of a Revolution* and *Listen, Yankee*, that so far no-one had elucidated the exact role of Fidel Castro in the Revolution's ongoing development. "What if something should happen to Fidel?" And what does this charismatic leader spell for the long-range fate of Cuba? Sartre has made an attempt to answer these questions in his book, and the resultant portrait of Castro gives it its most distinctive value.

One is left with the feeling that a ray of light might have pierced the mental storm helmets of Dulles's gang, if only one of them, on the eve of their aborted "invasion," had read the chapter called "The Granma Brings Revolution." Here Sartre shows us graphically the difference between a coup—the typical South American revolt—and Castro's revolutionary technique: it was only important to climb the highest mountain in Cuba and let everyone know he was there, like Gandhi sitting it out against the British (incidentally, the humanity with which Castro treated his prisoners is also related), in the sense that Castro's chief weapon was intangible. Another comparison with Gandhi is drawn in the chapter on "Ideology and Revolution," knowledge of which, too, would have saved the Central Intelligence Agency some trouble: Castro had militarized the Cuban people, but not to serve "his paranoia"—rather to erect a wall against all armies, including his own. This is the Gandhian method of attacking the weakest link in the superstructure, as the Congress of Racial Equality is now attacking Jim Crow in inter-state travel. (Gandhi attacked the caste system by adopting an untouchable.) Castro knew that the only way to ensure a people's government was to get rid of the possibility of a privileged soldiery. The option of power is in the hands of the people; this is an untotalitarian state.

Peguy once wrote, "Everything begins with *la mystique*, with its own *mystique*, and everything ends in . . . *la politique*, in a policy. The important point is not that such and such a *politique* should triumph over another such, and that one should succeed. . . . What matters . . . is that in each order . . . THE MYSTIQUE SHOULD NOT BE DEVoured BY THE POLITIQUE TO WHICH IT GAVE BIRTH."

Those words were written in the only spirit it makes sense to have in a world bursting with societal indeterminacy. A *mystique* is formed when a people, in faith that truth is self-evident, assert their right to make new laws for themselves. Our country has obviously lost its original *mystique*, which was to go to New Frontiers

of brotherhood and individual self-sufficiency. This *mystique* has long ago been devoured by politics. Theodore Roosevelt was not the first to interpret it in territorial terms, and we see today that he was not the last; the Big Stick has just been retouched and is now called "The Defense of Parliamentary Democracy." Aimless *politique* gives birth to absurd *politique*; New Frontiers becomes a game of the Campaign Trail.

Cuba, by contrast, clings to her original *mystique*. We forget our own Castro (George Washington, whom we wanted to make our king), and therefore distrust such descriptions of Fidelista camaraderie as the following: "They felt . . . that they were loved by this colossus, stretched out there in the dust." We automatically think it is the peasantry which is stretched out there. Sartre, who has witnessed two great betrayals in his lifetime, proves Cuba's case with almost naive eloquence. He is one of the few to have felt at all the pulse-beat of this unique revolution, and did so through what the existentialists call "engagement," i.e., involvement on that depth-level where one allows one's life to become affected.

Sartre has found in Cuba a model-situation, and in Castro an analogy to his own fantasies. Someone should write a thesis on the Gulliver neurosis in this kindly Neo-Marxist. This review is not the place for such a thesis. But I think it to the point that Sartre has consistently underestimated the potential and desire of this "tiny little island" to forge her own industries, on the machine and automated level. Sartre is only wishful for Cuba's rural development, as if her continued value lies in being an "isolated case." I am wondering to what extent she represents a Paradise Lost to Sartre, who may be tired of hearing about "international solutions." Yet, on the other hand, this emphasis may just be the result of an operatic penchant shared by all Frenchmen: "Did not Cuba cut the beanstalk out from the Giant with a mere woodsman's ax!"

"There is an order in the New World which is elaborated in Washington and which is imposed on the continent, on its islands, from Alaska to the Magellan Straits. This order will not long allow what it judges to be a small insular disorder. One day the armed forces of the continent will come to make this protesting piece of sugar see reason." Sartre could not have foreseen behind the "chilled faces" of the puritans the Fee-Fi-Fo-Fum of the Bay of Pigs and the agonized face of our bright young President, pulling his knife at the hemisphere. This is an example of where the polemic collapses before the reality. We are much worse off than Sartre believed, and consequently the hemisphere is better off. It is not always simple to be "an evilly disposed colossus with a rather weak head," especially if one knows better.

But whatever can be said regarding the political experience of Sartre, the apolitical experience in this book alone makes it worth reading. The following scene is from the office of "Che" Guevara. "By the telephone table, I saw curled up, a young rebel officer, his long black hair spread on his shoulders, his cap on his nose, his eyes closed. He snored very lightly, and his rounded lips tightly gripped the end of a large cigar, barely started. The last act of the sleeper had been to light it, against the temptations of sleep." And for his unctuous catalogue of types of beards worn by the barbarians, Sartre should be awarded the Nobel Peace Prize.

JAMES P. MOSLEY





& that which is water lily, sea gull,  
 Heather, crimson-dotted butterfly,  
 Lizard, ant, and heart-shaped leaf,  
 White panther, lynx, marsh frog,  
 Grass, dogs, and little paradise beetles -  
 Oh it's a lot of business we have,  
 Being part and substance of everything  
 That lives! O yes, this tall trade of ours,  
 This business of being represented here  
 On earth in all these funny-wonderful  
 Shapes and guises such as... well, ostriches,  
 Walruses, elephants and three-toed galutts...  
 No, this business of being alive  
 Is not really 9,824 feet long,  
 Or Alexander the Great (was it?) wide,  
 And Jesus Buddha Johnny Jepps high...

The red flesh of the Rose and the blood of the Sea,  
 Engendered in one substance—The glory of God!  
 Down it looks from the great stars in equal  
 Community on the vast universe of a giant wing,  
 Where, whirling together in that mystic  
 Of Oneness, which is all this world's sorrow,  
 This inseparable division, this arrangement in error  
 —For I see it makes there, over and over and over,  
 A statement of Life living away from us now!  
 Until the Sun's Wound is healed in our own hearts  
 —Kenneth Patchen

#### THE CUBAN CRISIS AS OVERHEARD IN WASHINGTON

##### I

"I think we must intervene to help the Cuban people get freedom, even if it means a civil war in which every man, woman, and child . . ."

"He appealed to you for aid before he turned to Russia, and you refused? . . . Yes, that certainly would be his fault . . ."

"You mean you think we should help the Cuban people get better housing, health, education, and more land for . . . Say, you're not going soft on that Communist . . ."

"A Libertarian, you say? . . . Oh, yes, a Social Democrat . . . And an agrarian reformer . . . Was chief of staff under Batista . . . Good. Sounds like just the man we . . ."

##### II

"Of course the President was briefed! Just last week we sent a note saying . . ."

"We certainly did not withhold information from him. Well, yes, we knew about the tanks . . . and the planes he had in other parts of the country . . . and that most of the Cubans were still supporting him . . . But, aside from that, we sent him every scrap of . . ."

"We didn't intend to say the whole Cuban Air Force had been destroyed in the Havana raid. We only meant to say we wished . . ."

##### III

"Oh, no; we didn't think for a moment the President would . . . No; not after his public pledge . . . We'd never think of drawing the nation into a . . . We only thought that if the action could be started, and if the landing should happen to be going badly, and with our forces right there on hand, and if the President should realize that to save the situation he need only . . ."

##### IV

"No, of course I'm not advocating censorship, or covering up our mistakes. But don't you think the survival of freedom justifies a certain curtailment of . . . of, uh . . ."

"No, I don't think it's inconsistent . . . Yes, our paper did say last month that 90% of the Cuban people support most of his reforms, but since then . . ."

##### V

"Hello, Pearson? C.I.A. We've been trying to . . . Yes, our boys are finding it difficult . . . I mean, you hear so many different . . . Well, it's terribly hard to get in down there . . . Yes, so we were wondering whether you might . . ."

"U. S. News and World Report . . . On our mailing list! We'd be glad to. Yes, Mr. Dulles; now what address shall we . . ."

"It's C.I.A., Mr. Reston. They're wondering if there's any news on . . ."

##### VI

"I realize that the sugar deal and the embargo left Castro with no alternative. But I still think that if he had cared at all about democracy he would not have . . ."

"I certainly do think the landing was justified. How else could the Cuban people have found out how they felt about Castro . . ."

"I still don't see all the fuss . . . So Russian-American relations have been jolted, China's position strengthened, 1500 lives lost, and the danger of nuclear war increased. We did keep him from invading Florida, didn't we? . . ."

"It's like I said before: we've got to help the Cuban people get real freedom—even if it means a civil war in which every man, woman, and child . . ."

David Andrews



# JEANNE COMES HOME

RUTH BERGES

ON THE TRAIN to Antwerp, Ellen Hart had plenty of time to wonder about the little orphan whom, upon her return to the States, she had been asked to bring to her grandparents in New York.

What would the little girl be like?

The knowledge of this child's existence was the spark that was making life worthwhile for her grandparents, the Grossmans. They had been shocked out of their grief and apathy by news from the Catholic Orphanage in Antwerp, informing them that their grandchild had been saved from Nazi persecution and atrocities. Three daughters and a son-in-law they had lost, and with horror they pictured their eldest daughter's parting from a few-weeks-old baby. She had appealed to the Catholic Orphanage to take care of the child while she, with her husband and two sisters, went underground. In Germany they had believed that once in Belgium they would be safe; in Belgium they thought they would one day be reunited in the United States. All these plans and hopes had come to naught.

It was incomprehensible to Ellen Hart how Simon Grossman and his wife could have lived through the war years of uncertainty. One might say it was their hope or deep faith in God which kept them alive, but then, when that hope to which they had been clinging desperately was destroyed, when their children were not among those who survived the concentration camps, where did they find the strength to continue?

Ellen recalled what her husband had written her about Simon Grossman, only a few days ago:

When I looked at Simon, it was like gazing back over all the endless Jewish suffering through the centuries, and I marvelled at the flickering strength and courage that still remained in his eyes, although at a first glance he appeared tired and defeated. It is people like him, I thought, who help to preserve Judaism and its ideals. Its heroes are truly those who have become stronger and nobler through suffering.

Ellen tried to imagine the Grossmans' joy at hearing of the little girl's existence. Something of their children had remained; they were not entirely dead; the Nazis had not quite succeeded in destroying all the human lives they had intended to wipe out. The fire was still glowing under the ashes, a spark here and there—a glow—that needed only to be revived. Their grandchild, a healthy little girl, had been saved.

But stirring among the ashes was like reopening a wound that had not entirely healed. The knowledge that

the child was there brought to their eyes once more the image of their children—hunted, afraid, and alone. Yet this dead past whose shadows remained must fade; the wound had to heal, yield to the newly sprouting life.

Ellen Hart sat motionless, staring out of the window into the wide blue stretches of sky. Tomorrow she would see the child.

The great oak door opened slowly, squeaking on its rusty iron hinges. First only a small round face framed by golden curls was visible, peeking around the corner. Then the little girl was in the room, pushing the heavy door shut with her back.

Large brown eyes gazed at the two women standing by the window. Both were looking at her. Sister Josephine was smiling with her eyes. The little girl loved Sister Josephine. The other woman looked like the ladies whom she sometimes saw in the park when Sister took the children for a walk. What a funny hat she was wearing! And her lips were very red. The little girl loved everything that had many bright colors and was beautiful. In the Home everything was either dark or light. The chairs were dark and the doors were dark; the walls were light and the beds were light. The Sisters were dark and the little girls were dark and light. She was conscious of her starched white blouse and black skirt, as lightly her little hands brushed over them. The woman's coat was green like the grass in the park, her cheeks were pink, and her lips were red. Cherries were red, roses were red, and the big doll's bonnet in the toy shop was red. . . .

"Jeanne!" came Sister's voice sharply from the window. The voice was stern but kind. "Sit over there for just a moment."

Jeanne sat on the big chair, letting her legs swing back and forth. The strange woman was talking in a low voice. Once in a while she glanced at Jeanne and smiled. Whenever the look came, Jeanne quickly looked at the floor, and, in her embarrassment, she began to dangle her legs even harder.

Sister's back was turned towards her. The woman was still talking with her red lips moving rapidly. Then she smiled and Sister nodded her head.

Talking, smiling, nodding—talking, smiling, nodding, it was like a game. It seemed very funny to Jeanne. Suddenly she laughed out loud, her laughter pealing forth brightly into the large room.

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Surprised, Sister turned around. The woman smiled. Her white teeth gleamed between the red lips. Jeanne, remembering where she was, lowered her head.

She had just begun to count the oak panels on the walls when Sister called her.

"Come here, Jeanne. I want you to meet Mrs. Hart, who is very fond of good little girls."

Jeanne held out her chubby hand to Mrs. Hart.

"Good day," and "how do you do?" she said in her high clear voice.

"Such a little girl who speaks such lovely French!" exclaimed Ellen Hart. "Wouldn't you like to teach me? You hear how poorly I speak. In exchange I'll teach you English. How would that be?"

Jeanne slowly nodded her head, looking with solemn brown eyes at Mrs. Hart.

"Would you like to take a walk with me now?" Ellen asked.

Jeanne made no reply but looked anxiously from Sister to Mrs. Hart and back again.

"Well, Jeanne," prompted Sister.

"Are you coming, too, Sister Josephine?" Jeanne inquired timidly.

"No, Jeanne, I cannot get away this morning. I think it very kind of Mrs. Hart to want to take you along."

Jeanne moved closer to Sister, her hand reaching out to touch the familiar rough fabric of the voluminous dark skirt. Suddenly she was frightened. The red lips no longer looked pretty. The clown in the picture book had a big red mouth and round staring button-eyes. Jeanne was afraid of him. She always skipped that page. Mrs. Hart had red lips and big gleaming teeth . . .

Jeanne lowered her head and all Ellen could see now was a mass of golden curls.

"We'll go to the park," she suggested gently, "do you know the way, Jeanne? We'll feed the pigeons. Are there many?"

Pigeons . . . Jeanne raised her head. How she loved pigeons and how she would love to feed them!

"I'll show you the way," she spoke up. "Can I take some crumbs along, Sister? The pigeons must be hungry. We haven't fed them for a long time. Poor birds! I won't stay away long, Sister! Come, Mrs. Hart, come," she insisted, taking Ellen's hand.

As they left the room, a quick look passed between the two women. Ellen Hart smiled and Sister Josephine nodded. When the door had closed and Sister was alone, she sat down in her favorite chair near the window. She watched Mrs. Hart and Jeanne as they crossed the square, walked down the street, and turned around the next corner.

A long time after they had disappeared from her view, Sister Josephine, lost in reflection, remained sitting in the same position. Finally, rousing herself and

remembering there were other little girls beside Jeanne who needed her thought and attention—from now on more than Jeanne—she sighed and left the room.

The sun was bright and the park full of children. Down by the pond boys were climbing the rocks and wading in the water.

Jeanne stood surrounded by pigeons.

"*Regardez, regardez, là-bas!*" she exclaimed, pointing out an unusually large bird to Ellen. "That's Father Pigeon. *Il m'a vu!* He's coming. He knows me!"

The pigeon actually did come over to Jeanne, perched on her shoulder, and ate from her cupped hand.

Jeanne's brown eyes shone golden in the sunlight. She was happy feeding Father Pigeon.

A little boy came running along the path. He seemed to be lost and was crying for his nurse. Right through the pigeons he ran, screaming at the top of his voice. At this disturbance the entire flock, like one, flew away and Jeanne stood alone. Immediately the sun was gone from her eyes.

"Sister!" she wailed and then seemed to remember. "I want to go home," she said, beginning to pull Ellen by the hand.

Jeanne skipped the page with the clown. The next page was worn on the corners. Obviously it was one of Jeanne's favorites.

"Explain the pictures to me, Jeanne—in English, won't you?" asked Ellen.

"That's a rose. That's a tree. . . ."

"And on the tree is a bird's nest with eggs," Ellen helped.

"*Oui, et—and that—comment dit-on 'hirondelle'?*"

"Swallow," said Ellen.

"Yes, that's the Mother Swallow," explained Jeanne excitedly.

"Now, let's turn to the next page," suggested Ellen. "Oh, how beautiful!" she exclaimed. "A big ship and the ocean!"

"Look at the funny windows they have on the ship, Aunt Ellen," Jeanne pointed out, lapsing into the more familiar French. "That's where the people sleep—"

"Would you like to go aboard a ship, Jeanne?" asked Ellen.

Jeanne nodded and a light danced in her brown eyes which grew large at the thought.

"I'm going on a trip in a few days—on a large ship over the big Atlantic Ocean—do you want to come with me?"

"With you?" Jeanne asked unbelievably. "And Sister Josephine and all the children will go, too?"



"No, Jeanne, I can't take all the children along and Sister Josephine has to stay here to help the other Sisters take care of the little girls. You know that. But I'd like to take you with me."

"Sister won't like it."

"Yes, I think she will, Jeanne. She'll be happy if you have a good time on the ship. And there'll be other little girls on the boat—"

"Many little girls? Like me?"

"Yes, and there'll be toys and dolls—"

"Can we go tomorrow?"

"No, we'll have to wait four more tomorrows—"

"Shall we be home again before it grows dark? Sister will worry if we stay away too long."

"I thought you would like to sleep in one of the berths on the ship. They are very nice and comfortable, one on top of the others."

"I should like to sleep on the top berth."

"Then we shall stay on the ship a few days and nights, Jeanne?"

"Yes, but we'll be home again, soon?" Jeanne asked, still skeptical.

"We'll be home—soon."

The suitcase was packed and locked. It was light and new and had Jeanne's name on it. There were two new dresses in it, a red one with white dots and a blue one with flowers. The things in the suitcase were all bright and beautiful, colorful like a rainbow, red and blue and pink, not only dark and light the way everything was in the Home.

Jeanne leaned her little arms on the railing and waved her flowered handkerchief at Sister Josephine, Hélène and Annette, who stood on the crowded pier. There was a breeze from the sea and Jeanne's blonde curls were blowing from under the new navy blue bonnet which matched her coat. The two little girls, Hélène and Annette, were waving wildly. They envied Jeanne who was going on a sea voyage.

Sister Josephine did not wave. She was glad that the child was already too far in the distance, so that she could no longer discern her features. The events of Jeanne's short life and, especially, the moment when her harassed and frightened young mother had during a dark night brought the baby to the orphanage, had never before so strongly occupied her mind. She was glad that the tears had not come before this moment. And she attempted to convince herself that she was happy that Jeanne was going to the United States, to her people. . . .

"Look, Aunt Ellen, how small they are!" Jeanne cried. "All I can still see are three tiny, tiny, dark spots. And now—now they're gone. Oh, my arm is tired from

waving! Let's look at the toys, Aunt Ellen, and the cabins, and the funny beds on top of each other!"

When Jeanne awoke, she was afraid.

She opened her eyes wide, trying to look around her in the darkness, but everything was too black. The bed was strange—

Sitting up, she remembered that she was on the ship. Why was she here? Why wasn't she home in bed?

"Sister," she cried.

"What is it, Jeanne?" came Aunt Ellen's gentle voice from the lower berth.

"I want Sister," Jeanne repeated.

"But you know, dear, that Sister Josephine isn't here. Try to sleep."

"Will you tell me a story?" Jeanne pleaded.

"Only if you lie down and pull up the cover. Now close your eyes and I'll tell you a story."

"Finish your soup, dear."

Swallowing the last spoonful, Jeanne asked, "Are you seasick, Aunt Ellen?"

"No, Jeanne. Why do you ask?"

"Mary, the little girl who lives in the cabin next to ours, said her grandmother is seasick."

"But that doesn't mean I have to be seasick, too," laughed Aunt Ellen, showing her sparkling white teeth.

It made Jeanne laugh, too, and she asked, "What is it like?"

"Oh, you feel sick in your stomach, as if everything inside of you were upside down—"

"I'm not seasick," interrupted Jeanne, shaking her head decidedly.

For a few seconds she was silent. Then she put down her spoon.

"Mary asked if you were my Mama."

"And what did you tell her, Jeanne?"

"I said that I didn't have any Mama or Papa. Could you be my Mama, Aunt Ellen?"

"No, dear, I don't think I could be, but in New York, where the ship is going to dock, you will meet your real grandmother and grandfather."

"Mine? Like Mary's grandmother?" Open-mouthed, Jeanne gazed at Aunt Ellen.

"Yes, they're your Mama's parents. Wouldn't you like to see them? They would love to have you visit them."

"Are they old? Does my grandmother have white hair like Mary's grandmother?"

Aunt Ellen smiled.

"We shall see—tomorrow," she said.

When Ellen stood facing the Grossmans, who had come to the pier with her husband, a feeling of warmth and pity surged through her.

There were the two old people who had thought that everything for which they had lived and worked had been lost. Incredulously they stared at the little girl with the blond curls and brown eyes.

Ellen looked at the man: thin, narrow-shouldered, and stooped. He had sparse grey hair, dark melancholy eyes, a mouth that was tense except when it relaxed into a sorrowful smile.

The woman was small and round. The face, framed with heavy white hair must once have been fresh and rosy, Ellen thought. Now the skin was sickly white. The brown eyes seemed expressionless, as though exhausted from weeping. Once she must have been very pretty—and soft, Ellen decided. Now the face was closed up, the features had hardened.

Looking at him seemed “like gazing back over all the endless Jewish suffering through the centuries”—looking at her too, thought Ellen, remembering what her husband had written. She looked up at Fred and found his eyes upon her. How well we understand each other, she thought

Aloud she said, “These are your grandparents, Jeanne.”

Jeanne, who had been so excited before (“Where are the skyscrapers? Where are my grandparents? Aunt Ellen, *je ne peux voir rien!*”) kept looking steadily at the ground.

The man had a big nose. When he opened his mouth, one could see that his teeth were crooked—some of them were missing—and Jeanne didn't like that.

The woman had beautiful white hair, even softer than that of Mary's grandmother. But her eyes were stern, as if she never smiled.

Jeanne moved closer to Aunt Ellen. Then she stole another glance at her grandparents. Grandfather was smiling and holding a large package towards her. Grandmother was still staring but why were there suddenly tears in her eyes? Was grandmother sad or unhappy? Maybe she had a pain! Shouldn't she, Jeanne, try to comfort her?

Abruptly she let go of Aunt Ellen, stretching out her little right hand to her grandmother.

“How do you do, grandmother,” she said. “I am Jeanne. I am going to visit you.”

Unable to say anything, Mrs. Grossman could only hug the little girl close to her breast.

Simon Grossman smiled his sad smile.

“Here, Jeanne, this package is for you,” he said. “It's a doll, a big doll. Did you ever have such a big doll?”

Jeanne stared unbelievably at the package and shook her head slowly. A big doll? For her? Never had she owned such a doll!

“*Merci!*” she whispered breathlessly. She smiled at her grandfather. “Thank you very much!”

Simon Grossman was overcome by a feeling he had not experienced for many years. He felt such great joy that the tightness which had weighed upon his heart for so long suddenly vanished, and his entire being was young again. And at the same time he realized what a sacrifice it must have been for the Sisters at the Orphanage to part with this child whom they had saved and raised, and above all, loved. He would be indebted to them for the rest of his life.

The room was dark and the bed strange. There was a huge shadow on ceiling and wall.

Jeanne was about to cry out when her cheek touched something hard and cold. It was the big doll with the pink bonnet and dress—the dress had real lace like Aunt Ellen's blouse. The doll's eyes were blue, her cheeks pink and her lips red. She was very pretty, and Jeanne loved her.

Caressing the doll's face, Jeanne whispered, “You needn't be afraid of this strange room. This is our room, yours and mine—grandfather and grandmother gave it to us—and we can stay here as long as we please. Are you frightened of the shadow on the wall? It's only the moonlight—”

“Sleep, dolly, sleep. Tomorrow I'll tell you a story about the big ship—sleep, sleep.”

## THE AMERICAN DREAM

Although the idea of the Peace Corps has evoked unusual enthusiasm from the nation's youth, no one in politics here seems to like the implication that it has appealed to the nation's idealism.

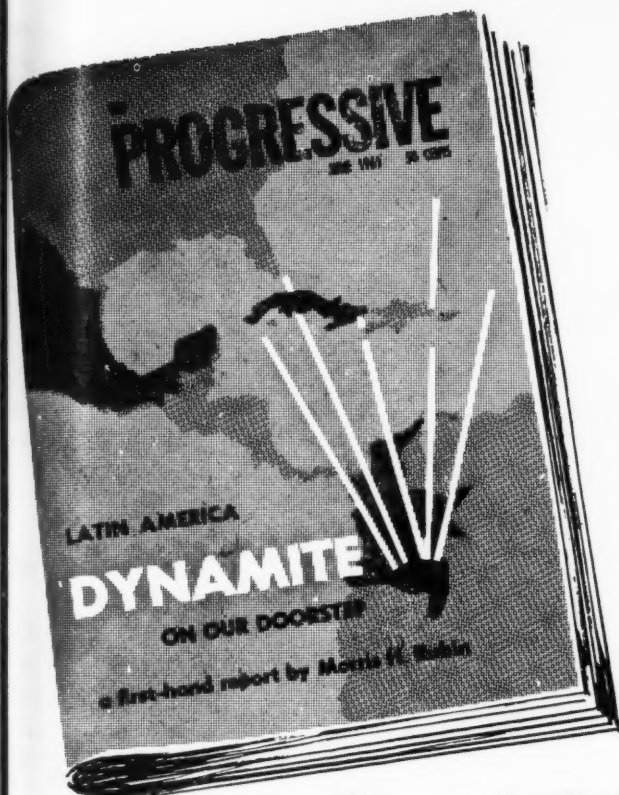
Thus, at one point, Mr. Shriver, urging the practicality of the program, declared that “anybody who is just an idealist” would be deterred from entering after he had looked at the questionnaire for applicants.

At another point Senator Bourke B. Hickenlooper, Republican of Iowa, complained about reports that a corporation lawyer had applied for membership with the explanation that he was “tired of saving money for big corporations and making out wills for the wealthy.”

“I wonder how much of that we will have,” Mr. Hickenlooper remarked disapprovingly.

—Washington dispatch, New York Times, March 29nd.





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